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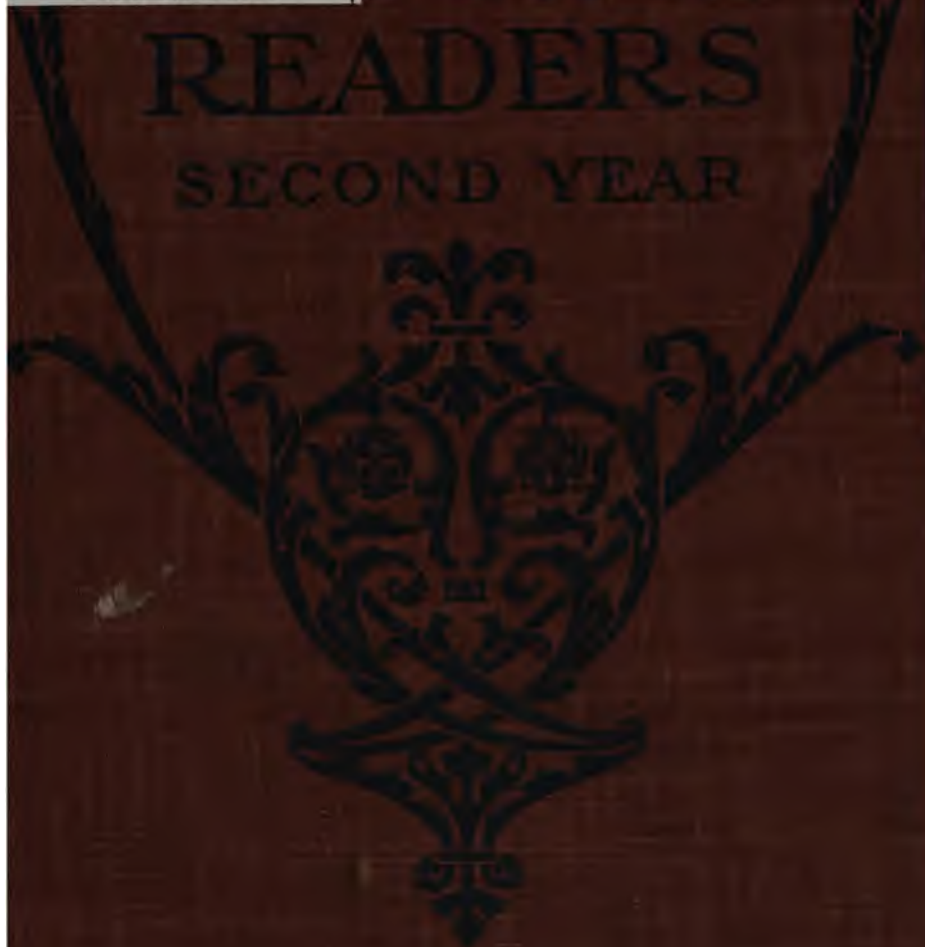
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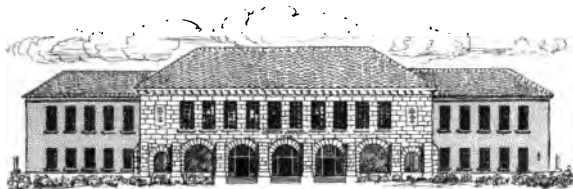


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# BROOKS'S READERS

## SECOND YEAR

BY

STRATTON D. BROOKS

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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## BENNIE'S LETTER.

letter      funny      story      wrote      years

When Marian was six years old, Bennie gave her a new book. Here is the letter he wrote to put in the book.

*Dear little Sister:*

*Here is a new book for you. There is a funny story about an old hen in this book. When you can read this story I will give you one of my rabbits.*

*Bennie.*

# THE STORY OF BIDDIE WIDDIE.



tail	walk	rooster
cackle	rose leaf	until

One day Biddie Widdie went into the garden to take a walk.

As she was walking under the trees, a rose leaf fell on her tail.

“Cackle, cackle,” said Biddie Widdie, “the sky is falling! the sky is falling! I will go and tell the king.”

So she walked and she walked until she met a rooster.

“Good morning, Rooster Pooster,” she said. “I hope you are well this morning.”

“Good morning, Biddie Widdie,” said the rooster. “Where are you going this fine summer day?”



sure  
duck

king  
goose

glad  
cried

Goosey  
Gander

“Oh, Rooster Pooster,” she said, “the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the king.”

“I will go with you,” said the rooster.

“Oh, how glad I shall be,” said Biddie Widdie. “You are very kind, I am sure.”

So they went on and on until they met a goose.

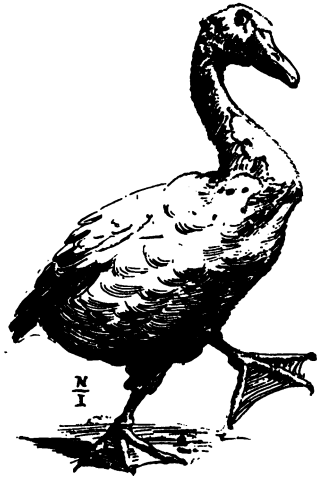
“Oh, Goosey Gander, Goosey Gander,” they cried, “the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king.”



“I will go with you,” said Goosey Gander.

So they went on and on until they met a duck.

“Good morning, Ducky Lucky,” they said.





want	know	turkey	Lucky
help	heard	news	Lurkey

"Good morning to you," said the duck.  
"Where are you going this fine summer day?"

"Oh, Ducky Lucky," they said, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Ducky Lucky; "for I want to see the king."

So they walked and they walked and they walked until they met a turkey.

"Oh, Turkey Lurkey," they said, "have you heard the news? The sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

And the turkey said, "I will go with you and help you tell the king, for I know the way to the king's house."



So they walked and they walked, but they did not come to the king's house.



liked                      very                      them                      left

By and by they met a gray old fox.

The fox was very glad to see them, for he liked Biddie Widdie, Turkey Lurkey, Rooster Pooster, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Gander.

“Good morning to you all,” he said. “Where are you going this fine summer day?”

“The sky is falling,” they all said, “and we are going to tell the king.”

“I know the way to the king’s house, and I will go with you,” said the gray old fox. “I will help you tell the king.”



Foxy                      Doxy                      door                      stood

But they all cried, "Oh, no, Foxy Doxy, you must not go with us. We do not like you, Foxy Doxy."

So Biddie Widdie and the rooster and the goose and the duck and the turkey walked on and left the gray old fox behind.

By and by they came to the king's house. And the king stood in the door of his house and heard the news.

—FROM OLD ENGLISH FOLK LORE.

## THE BIRD AND THE BABY.

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
“Let me fly,” says little birdie;  
“Mother, let me fly away!”

“Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.”  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
“Mother, let me fly away!”

“Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.”  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, may fly away.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.



### THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

pine	fairy	grew	other	gold
needles	wish	leaves	better	once

A little pine tree grew in the woods.

It had no leaves. It had needles.

The little tree said: "I do not like needles. All the other trees in the woods have pretty leaves. Why can I not have leaves, too? But I wish to have better leaves. I want gold leaves."

At night the little tree went to sleep. Then a fairy came by.

bag          again          want          glass          carried

"This little tree does not like needles," she said. "I will give it some pretty leaves."

When the little tree awoke in the morning, it had leaves of gold.

It said, "Oh, I am so pretty! No other tree in the woods has gold leaves."

One day a man came into the woods with a bag on his back.

He saw the gold leaves on the little tree. He took them all and put them into his bag. Then he carried them away.

The poor little tree cried, "I do not want gold leaves again, for men will be sure to take them away. I will have glass leaves."

The little tree went to sleep. In the night the fairy came by and put glass leaves on it.



awoke                broken                hungry                sunshine

The little tree awoke and saw its glass leaves.

How pretty they looked in the sunshine! No other tree was so bright.

By and by a strong wind came up. It blew and blew.

The glass leaves all fell from the tree and were broken.

Again the little tree was without leaves.

It was very sad, and it said, "I must not have gold leaves, and I must not have glass leaves.

"I would like to have green leaves. I want to be like the other trees in the woods."

And the little tree went to sleep. When it awoke, it was like the other trees. It had green leaves.

Soon a goat came by. He saw the green leaves on the little tree. The goat was hungry, and he ate all the leaves.



Then the little tree said, "I do not want any leaves. I must not have green leaves, or glass leaves, or gold leaves. The men and the goats and the wind will not let me keep them. I like my own needles best."

The little tree went to sleep. And the fairy gave it what it wanted.

When it awoke, it had its needles again. Then the little pine tree was happy.

—E. LOUISE SMYTHE (*from*  
*"Old Time Stories"*).





tall	rope	spider	grasses	fields
swing	forth	breezes	branches	hang

### SWINGING.

“Who likes to swing?” said the little girl.

“I,” said the spider, “I like to swing. See me hang by one rope from my web. I swing and swing until the wind blows me away with my rope.”

“We like to swing,” said the tall flowers and grasses. “We swing when the wind blows. We swing back and forth, back and forth, all day.”

“I like to swing,” sang the bird. “My swing is a nest on a tall tree. I swing day and night as I sit on my eggs.”

“My swing is best,” said the little girl. “I swing so high that I can see far over the gardens and the fields.”

Here we go to the branches high!

Here we come to the grasses low!

For the spiders and flowers and birds and I

Love to swing when the breezes blow.

—R. S. B.





daisies  
pick

vase  
laugh

glasses  
faces

grandmothers  
eyes

### MARIAN'S DAISIES.

One morning Marian took her little vase and went into the garden to pick daisies.

What do you think she found?

In the night some of her daisies had turned into grandmothers.

They had funny little faces. Each face had a nose, a mouth, and big round eyes.

Some of them wore white caps over their little faces and they had on glasses.

They were very funny with their little caps and their glasses.

You can see some of the daisies in the picture.

Can you find the little grandmothers?

How did the daisies turn into grandmothers?

Marian's mother had been at the daisy bed.

She marked eyes and mouths and noses on the little yellow faces.

She cut the white flower leaves into caps with bows and ends.

Then the daisies looked like little grandmothers in the grass.

Do you think you can make the daisies look like little grandmothers?

Can you mark eyes and mouths and noses on the little yellow faces?

Can you cut the flower leaves into caps with bows and ends?

The next time there are daisies in the field, try it.

You will laugh to see how funny the little grandmothers will look.

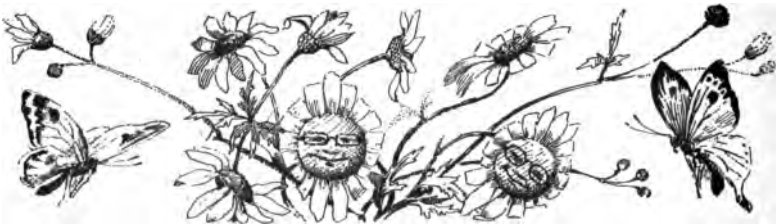


### THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHERS.

Did some of the daisies grow old in the night?  
 And turn into grandmothers yellow and white?  
 We left them ready to pick for posies,  
 And now they have eyes and mouths and noses.



Who knew that grandmothers grew in the grasses?  
 Who dressed them up and put on their glasses?  
 Who put on their caps and tied their bows?  
 How did it happen? Who knows? Who knows?





Indians	please	stories	country
chatters	great	stones	true

### STORY TELLING.

Bennie can read books. He can read the story of the Five Goats and the story of Little Bo Peep in the First Reader.

Marian likes to hear her mother sing about Shut Eye Town. She likes to hear her read about Biddie Widdie and the goose and the fox. She likes to hear about the little brook that chatters over the stones and pebbles. Best of all, she likes the story of the little pine tree.

Sometimes when night comes, Bennie says, "Please, papa, tell us an Indian story."

Then his father tells him a true story about the Indians or about some great man who has lived in our country.

after	tents	ago	covered
skins	brave	people	board

#### WHAT BENNIE'S FATHER TOLD HIM.

A long, long time ago there were no white people where we now live.

There were only Indians in our country.

The Indians did not have houses like ours. They lived in tents covered with skins or bark.

They had no chairs. They sat on the ground, and their beds were made on the ground.

After they had lived in one place for a time, they went away and took their tents with them.

When they found a place they liked, they stopped and set up their tents again.

The Indian woman tied her baby on a board. This board was the Indian baby's cradle.

Sometimes the mother hung the cradle on a tree. Then the baby could see her at her work.

The Indian men were very brave, but they did not like to work. Sometimes the Indian father painted his face and wore feathers in his hair.





Columbus became laughed across



The next night Bennie's father gave him a picture. It was a picture of Columbus.

Columbus lived a long time ago in a country far away.

When he was a boy his home was by the sea. He loved the sea and he liked to talk with the sailors.

He said, "Sometime I will sail across the sea. I will find a new way for the ships."

People laughed at him. They said, "No one can do that. No one has ever sailed across the great sea."

But when Columbus became a man, he did sail across the great sea, and he found this country for our home.

Can you tell the name of our country?

He sailed where no one had ever sailed before.

Pilgrims	women	shore
Mayflower	moved	over

### THE PILGRIMS.

After Columbus found our country many white people came here to live.

Some of these people were called Pilgrims. They sailed over the sea in a ship named the Mayflower.

When the ship came to the shore, it was cold and snow was on the ground.

The men said, "We must build houses as soon as we can."

So they cut down trees and built log houses.

As soon as the houses were built the men and women and children moved into them.

They lived in the log houses all the rest of the winter.

The winter was long and cold.



THE "MAYFLOWER."



corn	plant	ears	showed
ripe	mouse	kept	Thanksgiving

In the spring some kind Indians came to see the Pilgrims. They gave them corn to plant.

They told the men to plant their corn when the white oak leaves were as big as the ears of a mouse. The men did this, and the corn grew well.

When the corn was ripe, the Pilgrims said, "We will thank God for our food and our homes."

They asked the Indians to come and eat dinner with them. It was a joyful time for all.

So the first Thanksgiving Day was kept. In the picture you may see the Pilgrims going to church.

## A THANKSGIVING SONG.

Summer is gone,  
 Autumn is here ;  
 This is the harvest  
 For all the year.

Corn in the crib,  
 Oats in the bin,  
 Wheat is all threshed,  
 Barley drawn in.



Apples are barreled,  
 Nuts laid to dry ;  
 Frost in the garden,  
 Winter is nigh.

Father in heaven,  
 Thank thee for all,  
 Winter and springtime,  
 Summer and fall.

—LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.



PLAYTIME.

## THE CAT AND THE BIRDS.

chirp	matter	myself	pair
knock	doctor	perhaps	sick

Chatter, chatter! chirp, chirp! What could be the matter with the birds in the bird house?

Kitty Black was sitting on the door mat. "What are the birds talking about?" thought he. "What are they saying?"

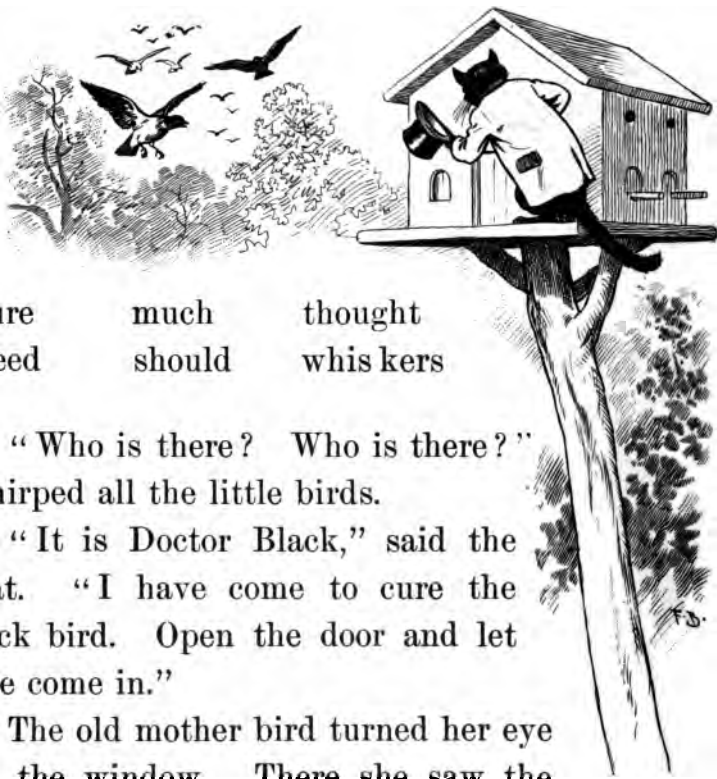
"A sick bird, a sick bird! That is what they say. I will make myself look like a doctor, and then perhaps they will let me into their house."

Kitty Black put on an overcoat, a hat, and a pair of glasses.

"Now I am Doctor Pussy Black," he said. And he climbed up the pole that held the bird-house.

Knock, knock, knock! "Let me in. Let me in," said the cat.





cure          much          thought  
need        should        whiskers

"Who is there? Who is there?"  
chirped all the little birds.

"It is Doctor Black," said the  
cat. "I have come to cure the  
sick bird. Open the door and let  
me come in."

The old mother bird turned her eye  
to the window. There she saw the  
cat's long whiskers.

"We know you, we know you, Kitty Black,"  
she said. "The sick bird is better. We do  
not need a doctor to-day.

"We are all much better than we should be if  
we were to let you in, Doctor Cat."

## A FLOWER STORY.

smile  
along

climb  
spread

golden  
changed

foot  
near



Let us play that flowers  
and birds can talk.

Here is a tall plant with yellow  
flowers. It looks like a little girl  
with yellow hair. Pretty plant,  
will you tell us a story?

Long ago my name was Golden  
Hair. I lived with my sister Blue  
Eyes in a house at the foot of a hill.  
I wanted to be like the sunshine  
and make every one happy. So the  
fairies changed me into golden-  
rod. If you will look about,  
you will find my sister, for  
she is always near me.

Some people call her "aster,"  
but you will see that she is my  
dear little blue-eyed sister.



Hand in hand we climb the hills and make them beautiful.

We smile on you from the rocks, and we spread sunshine all along your way.

### SEED BABIES.

hundreds	waiting	listen	silk
sparkle	milkweed	babies	sight

Have you ever seen the seed pods that grow on the milkweed plants?

Do you know that each seed pod is a green cradle that rocks in the breeze?

In these cradles are hundreds of sleeping seed babies. Did you never find them?

As the cradles open, the babies peep out. You can see their white silk dresses.

But you can not see their wings for they are folded out of sight.

The seed babies are waiting for some one to come and play with them.

Listen! Here comes their playmate singing on his way. It is the wind.

Away go the babies. They dance with the  
little breezes. They fly through the blue air.  
They sparkle in the sunshine.

Little milkweed babies,  
good-by, good-by!



### DAINTY MILKWEED BABIES.

Dainty milkweed babies,  
    Wrapped in cradles green,  
Rocked by mother Nature,  
    Fed by hands unseen.

Brown coats have the darlings,  
    Slips of milky white;  
And wings—but that's a secret,  
    They're folded out of sight.

## A BUTTERFLY STORY.



spots	carrot	butterfly
queer	flitting	caterpillar

O butterfly, bright butterfly,  
Each day I see you flitting by.

Like a flying flower the butterfly  
sails away into the sunshine.

In the fall a green caterpillar  
with black bands and gold spots lived on  
the carrot plant.

Every day the children came to see it.

The caterpillar ate leaves and grew larger and  
larger. In a few weeks it went to sleep.

Then a queer brown case hung on the plant  
stem. This was the caterpillar's winter cradle.

In the spring time it crept out of the brown  
cradle. Then it opened beautiful  
yellow and black wings, and  
flew away.

"See the pretty butterfly," cried the  
children. "It looks like a flower with wings."





## I DIDN'T THINK.

folks	before	safest	fling
quite	sorry	seized	blink

Once a little robin, who lived outside the door, wanted to go inside and hop upon the floor.

"Oh, no," said the mother robin. "You must stay with me. Little birds are safest sitting in a tree."

"I don't care," said Robin, and gave his tail a fling; "I don't think the old folks know quite everything."

Down he flew, and kitty seized him before he'd time to blink.

"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry, but I didn't think."



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## THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

crow	thirsty	higher	brought
caw	pitcher	dropped	reach



**THIRSTY** crow was looking everywhere for water. Not a drop of dew was left on the grass.

Even the little brook was dry.

In the hayfield under a tree she saw a pitcher. She flew to it and looked in.

There was a little water in the pitcher, but she could not reach it.

“I must have that water,” thought the crow.  
“How can I get it?”

She looked all about. In the dry brook near by, there were stones and pebbles.

“Caw, caw, caw,” said the crow. “Now I know what to do.”

Away she flew to the dry brook bed. Then she brought small stones and pebbles, and dropped them, one by one, into the pitcher.

The water rose higher and higher.

At last it came to the top where she could reach it with her bill.

This story teaches that where there's a will there's a way.

—ÆSOP.

### THE FOX AND THE CROW.



cheese	voice	tints
glossy	passing	trick

One day a crow stole a piece of cheese and flew with it to a tree.

A fox, passing by, saw the crow with the cheese in her bill.

"I would like to have that cheese myself," thought the fox. "Perhaps I can get it by a trick." So he came near the tree and began to talk to the crow.

"How beautiful you are!" said he. "I never before saw such a fine bird. What bright eyes you have! How the rainbow tints shine on your glossy feathers!"

“I have heard about your beautiful voice. O queen of the birds, will you not sing a song for me?”

The crow might have known that her loud “caw, caw” was not a song. But she was so pleased, that she did not stop to think.

She opened her mouth to show the fox how well she could sing. Down fell the cheese to the ground.

This was just what the sly fox wanted. And without waiting to hear the rest of the song, he ran away with the cheese.

— ÆSOP.





## THE FOUR MUSICIANS.

## I.

lose	donkey	farmyard	city
join	master	robbers	earn

"I can work no more," said a poor old donkey. "My master will not keep me. I will go to the city where I have heard the band playing in the streets. I can play in the band as well as any one, for I have a fine voice."

The donkey had not gone far when he saw a dog lying in the road.

"Why are you here?" asked the donkey.

"I have run away from home," said the dog. "My master says that I must be killed because I am too old to hunt. How I am to earn my living I do not know."

"Come with me," said the donkey. "I am going to the city to play in the street band. I can play the horn, and you can beat the drum."

"Thank you," said the dog, "I will go." And they went on together.

Not long after they came to a cat sitting by the roadside. She was looking as sad as three rainy days.

“Why do you look so sad?” asked the donkey.

“My master has turned me out of the house because I am too old to catch mice,” said the cat.

“I do not know where to go to find a home.”

“Will you not join our band?” said the donkey. “You have a good voice for night singing.”

“Thank you,” said the cat, “I will.” And they all went on together.

Soon they came to a farmyard. There sat a rooster on the gate crowing with all his might.

“Why do you crow so loud?” they asked.

“I have heard the cook say that I am to be killed for dinner,” said the rooster. “I shall crow as long as I can, for to-night I fear I shall lose my head.”

“Why do you not run away?” said the donkey. “Go with us to the city. We shall be glad to have your voice in our band.”

“Thank you,” said the rooster. And they all went on together.



## II.

friend	brayed	answered	slept
ready	mewed	sitting	moved

At night they came to a forest. "Let us rest here," said the donkey. "I will lie down under this tree."

"I will lie by your side," said the dog.

"I will climb the tree, and sit on a large branch," said the cat.

"And I will fly to the top of the tree," said the rooster.

Before they slept, they heard a call from the rooster. "I see a light," he said. "It must be in a house near by."

"Let us go and see," said the dog. "I would like to find a bone for my supper."

They all went on together until they came to a little house in the woods. The light shone from a high window.

"I wish we could see into this window," said the dog.

"It is too high for me," said the cat.

"I have a plan," said the donkey. "I will stand under the window. Friend Dog, you get on my back. Cat, you may climb on the dog's back. Now, Rooster, you may fly to the cat's head and look into the window."

"What do you see?" asked the donkey.

"What do I see!" answered the rooster. "I see a table full of good things to eat, and robbers sitting round it."

"Can we not drive the robbers away?" said the dog.

"I know how we can do it," said the donkey. "When I count three we must all make a great noise."

"Ready, now," he said. "One, two, three." The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed. The robbers jumped from the table, and ran into the woods.

Then the four friends went into the house, and there they had a good supper.

The little house in the woods became their home, and if they have not moved away from it, they are living there still.

— ADAPTED FROM GRIMM.



Painted by M. Leuz.

THE BIRDS.

## LAURA AND THE BIRDS.

## I.

owl	blackbirds	dinner	asked
rice	bobolinks	canary	awake

“Tell me, little birds, what do you eat?” said Laura.

“We eat seeds; we eat seeds,” sang all the birds together.

“I have something better than seeds to eat,” said Laura.

“We eat corn, and you eat corn,” said the blackbirds.

“We like rice, and you like rice,” sang the bobolinks.

“I did not know that corn and rice are seeds,” said Laura.

“Does that little girl know what bread is made of?” asked the owl. “Birds know that bread is made of seeds. Do birds know more than girls?”

“I eat leaves,” said Dick, the canary. “You eat leaves, too. You had leaves for dinner.”

"I can't think of any leaves that I eat," said Laura. "I do not like leaves."

"Girls can't think much," said the wise old owl. He did not like to be kept awake by so much talking.

## II.

fruit	swallows	grapevines	jays
wise	sparrows	woodpeckers	meat



"Fruit, fruit, fruit," chattered the blue jays, as they flew to the grapevines. "We like fruit."

"I like fruit," said Laura. "And I like meat for my dinner every day. Birds do not have meat to eat."

"We eat meat for our dinner," chirped the robins. "So do we," chattered the swallows and the bluebirds and the woodpeckers.

"Where do you get your meat?" asked Laura.

"In the ground," said the robins.

"In the air," said the swallows.

“In the grass,” said the bluebirds.

“On the trees,” said the woodpeckers.

“In the sea,” said a sea bird that was flying by.

### III.

ought	raindrops	nothing	catch
just	bathing	berries	bushes

“Who gets your dinner for you?” asked Laura.

“The little plants have seeds for us. The trees bear fruit. The bushes hang down with berries. The earth is full of food for us.”



“What do you drink?” asked Laura once more.

“Just what you ought to drink! Just what you ought to drink!” sang all the birds at once.

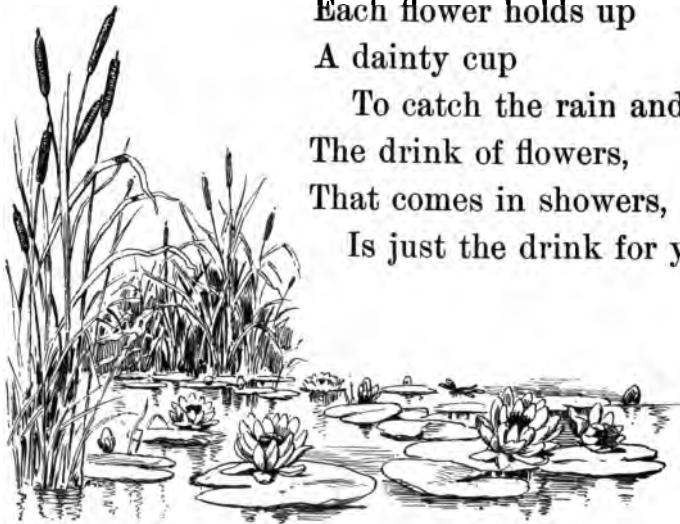
“The brook gives us water. The leaves catch the



raindrops. The flowers hold the dew in their cups, and the rocks are full of little wells for us."

Then all the birds began to sing about water. They sang about the little brooks, and they sang about the great river. They told how the rain falls down from the clouds to fill the flower cups and the birds' bathing places.

"There is nothing so good as water to drink," they all sang. "There is nothing so good for girls, or boys, or birds."



Each flower holds up  
A dainty cup  
To catch the rain and dew.  
The drink of flowers,  
That comes in showers,  
Is just the drink for you.

## COMING AND GOING.

## I.

built	hum ming	be gan
world	be cause	a gain
fields	feath ers	peo ple

There came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest, nor seen a winter.

The fields were full of flowers. The grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere.

Then one of the birds began singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?"

And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me. The wind and the leaves told me, and you told me to sing."



Then his mate said, "When did I tell you to sing?"

And he answered,  
"Every time you brought  
in grass for the nest, and  
every time you flew away  
again for hair and feath-  
ers to line the nest."

Then his mate said,  
"What are you singing  
about?"



And he answered, "I  
am singing about every-  
thing and nothing. It  
is because I am so happy

that I sing. That is why I sing."

## II.

pitied	happened	another	father
busy	speckled	moving	hatched

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest. And the mother bird said to the father bird, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?"

Then the birds looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds.

In a week or two the mother bird said, "Oh, what do you think has happened? One of my eggs has been peeping and moving."

Soon another egg moved, then another and another till five little birds were hatched.

The father bird sang louder than ever. The mother bird wanted to sing, but she had no time. So she turned her song into work.

So hungry were the little birds that it kept both the old birds busy feeding them.

Away each one flew. When the little birds heard their wings in the leaves, five yellow mouths opened wide.

### III.

don't	sorrow	happier	young
can't	always	anybody	louder

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father bird to the mother bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here."

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly. Then there was a great time! The two old birds talked and chattered to make the young ones leave the nest and learn to fly.

In a little while they had learned to use their wings. Soon they flew away, and found their own food, and sang their own songs of joy.



Then the two old birds sat on the tree alone, and looked at each other.

“Why don’t you sing?” said the mother bird. And her mate answered, “I can not sing. I can only think and think.”

## IV.

north	almost	together	frost
south	changing	blossom	flown

“What are you thinking of?”

“I am thinking how everything is changing. The leaves are falling off this tree.

“Soon there will be no roof over our heads. The flowers are all going. Last night there was a frost.

“Almost all the birds are flown away. Something calls me, and I feel as if I should like to fly far away.”

“Let us fly away together.”

Then the two birds rose far up in the air. They looked to the north. Far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south. There they saw flowers and green leaves.

All day they flew. And all night they flew and flew. At last they found a land where there is no winter — where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.



## THE MOTHER BIRD

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree  
And laid some blue eggs in it — one, two, three ;  
And then very glad and delighted was she, —  
Very glad and delighted was she.

Then after a time, but how long I can't tell,  
The little ones came one by one from the shell ;  
And their mother was pleased, and she loved them  
well —

She was pleased, and she loved them well.

She spread her soft wings on them all day long,  
To warm them and keep them, her love was so  
strong ;

And her mate sat beside her and sung her a  
song —

Sat beside her and sung her a song.



## A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

### I.

written	shadow	games	among
followed	castle	used	alone

Now we shall hear a true story about a book for little people, and how it came to be written.

In a country across the sea there once lived a boy whose name was Robert.

This little boy knew how to make up games and plays, and how to have a good time when he was alone.

He used to play in a garden near a great castle. There he climbed the cherry tree to look far away over the houses and the fields.

There he heard the birds sing of speckled eggs, and nests among the trees. And there he played with a funny shadow that followed him all about.

In his garden swing he went flying high in the air. He liked to look over the garden wall, and down on the green grass.

## II.

nurse	wished	himself	marching
hunter	watched	roaring	evening

Sometimes Robert went to the seaside, and dug wells in the sand. Sometimes he sailed his little ship on the pond. He wished that he was small enough to go to sea with the doll that stood in the ship.

One day he found a little pond with flowers growing all around it. He called this pool of water a sea, and he built a town upon its shore. He played that he was the king of all the country round. The high grass he called a forest, and he watched the spiders and the ants go marching by.



## III.

verses  
poems

soldiers  
carried

forgot  
pillow

giant  
strong



In the evening Robert made plays from the stories he found in his picture books.

With his gun in his hand he crawled along the floor by the wall. He played that he was a hunter waiting for a roaring lion to come to the river for a drink.

At night he called his bed a boat. He said "Good night" to his friends on the shore, and sailed away to the town of sleep.

Robert had a nurse whom he dearly loved. She played with him and read to him. When he could not sleep she carried him to the window to see the street lamps and the stars.

Robert was never a strong boy, and he spent many long days in bed. With his toys by his side he was happy all day long.

He called the bed on which he lay the land of counterpane. He called himself the giant of pillow-hill.

He built cities with his blocks upon the bed, and marched his toy soldiers all about his land of counterpane.

Robert loved his picture story books, and he liked to tell stories himself.

When he was only nine years old, he wrote a little book, and drew all the pictures for it.

When Robert Louis Stevenson became a man, he wrote many books. But he never forgot the days when he was a little boy playing in the garden by his old home.

In beautiful verses he told of the games he used to play, and of the story books he used to read.

These poems are put together in a little book for children to read. The book is called a "Child's Garden of Verses."

As from the house your mother sees  
 You playing round the garden trees,  
 So you may see, if you will look  
 Through the windows of this book,  
 Another child, far, far away,  
 And in another garden, play.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



### MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out  
 with me,  
 And what can be the use of him is more than  
 I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to  
the head ;  
And I see him jump before me when I jump  
into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he  
likes to grow,  
Not at all like proper children, which is always  
very slow ;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an  
india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's  
none of him at all.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every  
buttercup ;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant  
sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast  
asleep in bed.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

## THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

## I.

only	touched	thought	tower
clang	wonderful	music	sized



In a land far away  
was a beautiful church.  
Three bells hung in the  
high tower. They were  
wonderful bells.

There was the great  
bell that went CLANG!  
CLANG! CLANG! And  
there was the middle-  
sized bell that went  
CLING! CLANG! CLING!  
And there was the  
little bell that went  
*Ring! Ring! Ring!*

These bells rang only on Christmas Eve. No  
one knew who rang them. Some said it was the  
wind. Others thought fairies touched the bells.

The people loved to hear the bells ring. They sat very still in the beautiful church, and listened for the music of the bells.

One Christmas Eve the people waited and waited. But the bells did not ring. Then how sad they were!

Christmas came again, and the people listened for the bells. But again the bells did not ring!

Many, many years went by. Still the bells did not ring. Then people asked, "Did the bells ever ring?"

## II.

Pedro	started	pennies	seat
slowly	jacket	dollar	saved

On Christmas Eve two little boys were playing together in the snow. They were called Pedro and Little Brother.

Little Brother said, "Oh, Pedro, can't we go to the church to-night? Perhaps the bells will ring."

"Yes, Little Brother, we will go," answered Pedro. They started for the church. The snow was falling fast, but on they went.



A low cry was heard. What could it be? Little Brother was afraid.

He asked, "What is that, Pedro?" Pedro said, "I will go and see."

He ran across the road, and what do you think he found? In the snow was a little white dog. It was cold and hungry.

Pedro took the poor little dog in his arms. He put it under his jacket to keep it warm.

"You go to the church, Little Brother. I shall take the dog home. It must have food or it will die."

"Oh, Pedro, I don't want to go alone."

"But you will go, won't you, dear? I saved all my pennies, and I have changed them for this bright dollar."

"Yes, Pedro, I will go."

Little Brother took the silver dollar, and went to the church alone. He walked slowly in and took a seat. All the people sat listening for the bells to ring.

The priest was there in his snow-white robes. He said, "Bring your gifts to the altar."

## III.

robes	jewels	sweetest	sound
edge	altar	starving	priest

The king took his golden crown. All the people listened. But the bells did not ring.

The queen gave her jewels. The people listened. But the bells did not ring.

Rich men laid money on the altar. Still the bells did not ring.

Little Brother thought, "Can I go up there with this one little dollar? Yes, I told Pedro I would go, and I must."

He went slowly up to the altar. He laid Pedro's dollar on the very edge of it. And now, listen! The bells! The bells!

The great bell went CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! The middle-sized bell went CLING! CLANG! CLING! The little bell went *Ring! Ring! Ring!* And the waiting people were very happy.

Little Brother ran from the church. Pedro had warmed and fed the starving dog. He was coming to meet Little Brother.

Little Brother ran to meet Pedro. He said, "Oh, Pedro, the bells! the bells! I wish you had heard the bells."

"I did hear them, Little Brother. Their sound came over the snow to me. It was the sweetest sound I ever heard."

— Adapted : MARY L. GILLMAN.

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### THE NEW YEAR.

A year to be glad in,  
Not to be sad in;  
A year to live in,  
To gain and give in;  
A year for trying  
And not for sighing.

A year for striving  
And hearty thriving;  
A bright New Year,  
Oh, hold it dear;  
For God who sendeth,  
He only lendeth.

## A RIDDLE.



HERE is a little giant  
Of wondrous power and skill,  
Who can paint a dainty landscape  
Or bridge a lake at will.

He can make each little flower  
Bow its dainty head ;  
The bright green leaves, when he goes  
by,  
Turn yellow, brown, and red.

He can pile the ice in mountains,  
Or shape a crystal feather.  
He can break the rocks in pieces,  
Or bring the wintry weather.

But if you wish this giant  
To turn and run away,  
Just build a little fire,  
Or bring a sunny day.



THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS.

## THE BOY COLUMBUS.

## I.

path	remember	father's	cross
shop	animals	study	strange

Here is a beautiful old story which is told of the boy Columbus.

One day he went to sleep on a pile of wool in his father's shop. He dreamed that an angel stood before him holding a cross of gold.

A path like sunlight led away from the shining cross. The angel told the boy to follow this path to far-off lands.

Columbus lived by the great sea. When he saw the setting sun shine in golden light across the water, he remembered the angel and the cross.

And when he saw the ships sail away, he wished he was a man with a ship of his own. He longed to make his beautiful dream come true.

The book Columbus liked best to read told him of countries far away. Over and over again, he read the stories of strange people and wild animals.

## II.

knew	draw	tired	meet
manage	lessons	school	their



All the sailors knew the boy Columbus. He was the first to meet them when their ships came to land. And he was never tired of hearing their stories.

He wanted very much to go to sea. But there were many things he needed to know before he could manage a ship. So his father sent him away from home to a school where he could learn to be a sailor.

Now there was no more playing on the seashore for Columbus. He had no time to run about the ships and talk with the sailors.

In school there were lessons to study and maps to draw. He learned, also, how men find their way over the sea by looking at the stars.

## COLUMBUS, THE SAILOR.

## I.

afraid	fourteen	believe	also
others	boiling	ocean	flat

When Columbus was fourteen years old, he went to sea. For many years he lived upon a ship, going about from one place to another.

In those days sailors were afraid to sail far from land, because of the strange stories that were told about the ocean.

Some people thought that the water far out at sea was boiling hot. Others said that the earth was flat, and that ships would fall off, if they went too far from the shore.

But Columbus was too wise to believe these stories, and too brave to be afraid. He was ready to go wherever a ship could sail.



SECOND READER — E



## II.

India	travel	deserts	buy
easier	camels	laughed	crawls

Far to the east was the country of India where beautiful silks were made. Men went over hot, sandy deserts to buy these silks, and they brought them home on the backs of camels.



Columbus believed the earth to be round. He thought that ships could sail round the earth as a fly crawls round an apple.

He said that it would be easier to go to India by sailing west on the sea than by traveling east on the land.

The great wish of his life was to show the world that this could be done. And so he went from country to country, asking for help.

But no one was willing to help him. People laughed at him, and even the children made fun of the man who said, "The earth is round."

## COLUMBUS AND HIS SHIPS.

## I.

Spain	voyage	early	shouted
blessing	floated	seeking	journey

Years passed by. Columbus was growing old, but he would not give up the great wish of his life.

At last he went to the king and queen of Spain. They listened to his plans. And they gave him three small ships, and found sailors who were willing to go with him.

When all was ready, Columbus and his men went to church to pray for the blessing of God on their journey.

At sunrise on a bright summer morning they sailed out into the west.

The sun shone on the white sails as they left the shore. Columbus was on his way at last to the land of his dreams.

For more than two months Columbus and his men sailed to the west. They were on the wide ocean, far out of sight of land.



The men became more and more afraid as they sailed on, week after week. They said, "We shall never find land. We shall all be lost. Let us go back to Spain."

"Sail on three days longer," said Columbus. "Then if we do not find land we will turn back."

The next day they saw birds flying. Soon after a branch with leaves and berries floated by.

All night long the sailors watched. In the early morning there was the land before them, beautiful with trees and flowers.

“Land! land! land!” they shouted, and the glad cry went from ship to ship. Great was the joy of Columbus, for the dream of his life had come true. And yet he did not know that he had found a new country. He thought that he had come to India, the land he was seeking.

Columbus and his men left the ship, and were rowed in small boats to the land. They gave thanks to God for their safe voyage, and they set up the flag of Spain on the shore of the new world.



## EUGENE FIELD AND THE CHILDREN.

## I.

string	basket	throne	poet
waste	fishing	pulled	tiny

Eugene Field was the children's friend and poet. He liked to play with children, and to tell them stories. And he liked to write beautiful poems for them to read.

For his own little children he had many pet names. He always called his baby Ruth, Little Sister Girl, and to his little son Francis he gave the name of Posy.

When the nurse was busy he often took baby Ruth into his study. At the side of his writing table was a tall basket filled with waste paper. On this Little Sister Girl used to sit like a tiny queen on a paper throne.

Here she played that she was fishing with a rod, a string, and a pin. When she pulled in her line, she often found a new toy or a beautiful gift, which her father had put on the hook.

## II.

bear	peeping	shaking	taking
toys	elephant	nodding	wound

When Posy was a baby he did not like to take a nap in the daytime. But he would always go with his father to hear about Shut Eye Town or the Rock-a-by Lady.

Mr. Field used to bring toys to Posy, and dolls to Little Sister Girl. Once he brought home an elephant and a brown bear. When these toys were wound, they would run over the floor with their heads shaking and nodding.

One of Mr. Field's little sons had beautiful blue eyes. His father said they made him think of daisies peeping up from the grass, and so he called him Daisy. Was not that a queer name for a boy?

When Daisy was about four years old, his father used to call himself an old blue bear, and Daisy a little rabbit. Together they went all about the house, playing that they were taking a journey.

## III.

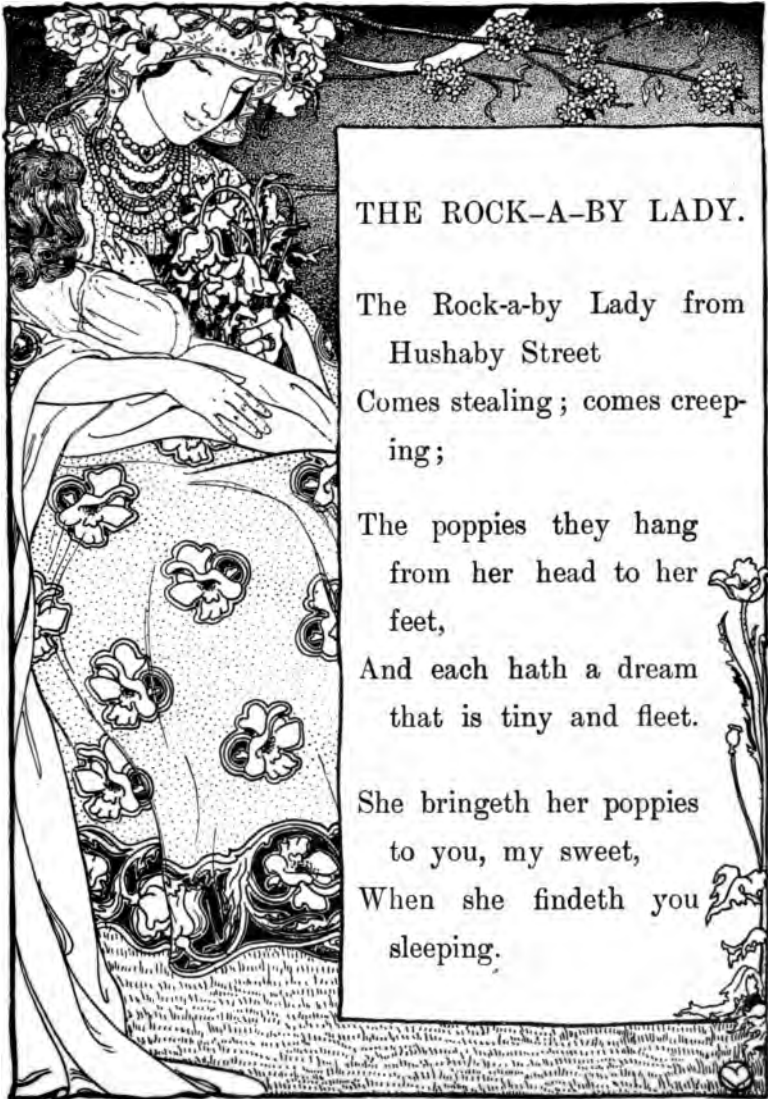
tame	monkeys	gingham	popgun
bang	between	calico	fight

In a little book called "Lullaby Land" are many beautiful poems which Eugene Field wrote for children. All the verses about Shut Eye Town and the ride to Bumpville can be found in this pretty book.

How the children love these poems! They laugh at the story of the great fight between the gingham dog and the calico cat. And they never tire of hearing about the Fly-Away Horse which lives in Dreamland.

When the children go to Dreamland, this wonderful horse takes them flying through the air to far-away countries. There they play with monkeys and ride on tame bears and lions.

One of the poems in "Lullaby Land" tells of the Rock-a-by Lady. She comes from Hushaby Street, bringing dreams of popguns that bang, tin tops that hum, and dollies that laugh and sing. Now we shall read about these dreams.



## THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

The Rock-a-by Lady from  
Hushaby Street  
Comes stealing ; comes creep-  
ing ;

The poppies they hang  
from her head to her  
feet,

And each hath a dream  
that is tiny and fleet.

She bringeth her poppies  
to you, my sweet,  
When she findeth you  
sleeping.





There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —

“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;

There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,

And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come,

Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,

And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little  
dreams

With laughter and singing:

And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,

And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,  
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,  
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and  
fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping:

So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby Street,  
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,  
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

— EUGENE FIELD.

*From "Love Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field.  
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*





## THE CAT FAMILY.

### I.

sharp	cousins	tigers	claws
mouse	gentle	belong	dark

Do you know that your gentle pussy cat has a great many cousins?

Let us call her and see if she can tell us about her family. She will not need to talk if she will let us look at her paws, her eyes, and her whiskers.

All the animals in the cat family have soft paws, sharp claws, and eyes that can see in the dark as well as in the light.

They all wear coats of fur and have sharp teeth and long whiskers. They like to sleep in the daytime and hunt at night.

And they watch for the animals they wish to catch as a cat watches for a mouse.

## II.

wire	countries	cages	fur
fierce	unhappy	striped	iron

The largest animals of the cat family live in the forests of the warm countries. Many of them are caught in traps by hunters, and are brought over the sea in strong iron cages.

Some of these wild animals are kept in parks, in their cages, or in rocky dens covered with strong wire. Others are carried about from one place to another for people to see.

The poor beasts are very unhappy in their cages. They long to be free to run about in the woods, and find their own food.

Lions and tigers belong to the cat family. We are told by hunters that in their own woods they are very beautiful animals.

Tigers have yellow fur, striped with brown. They look like large, beautiful cats, but they are so fierce and strong that they can kill horses and cows, and carry them away.



### III.

lost	keeper	troubled	wagon
mane	petted	greatly	pushed

The lion's fur is brown or yellow-gray like the dry grass and leaves in which he hides.

A large lion with his long, black mane looks as if he might be the king of all the animals. He is often called the king of beasts.

We read that lions soon learn to love the people who feed them and are kind to them.

Once a lion pushed open his cage door, walked out, and climbed to the top of a high wagon. He would mind no one until he heard the voice of his keeper's little girl who had often fed him. At her call he jumped down and went back into his cage.

A sad story is told of a lion that had lost his keeper. Day after day the poor beast walked back and forth in his cage waiting for his master. He would not eat, and at last he died of sorrow.

Another lion was greatly troubled by rats which came into his cage and ate his food.

A little dog was put into the cage to kill the rats. The lion petted the little dog, and would not let any one take it away from him. At night he put his great paws around it while it slept.

At first the dog was afraid, but he soon learned to love the lion, and these two strange friends stayed together as long as they lived.

## FOREIGN LANDS.



Up into the cherry tree  
Who should climb but little  
me?

I held the trunk with both my  
hands  
And looked abroad on foreign  
lands.

I saw the dimpling river pass  
To be the blue sky's looking-glass;  
The dusty roads go up and down  
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree  
Farther and farther I should see,  
To where the grown-up river slips  
Into the sea among the ships;

To where the roads on either hand  
Lead onward into fairyland,  
Where all the children dine at five,  
And all the playthings come alive.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





## THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

favor	begged	teeth	weak
spare	kind	cords	life

The lion was large and strong. He had long teeth and sharp claws.

The mouse was small and weak. He could not move, for he was under the lion's paw.

"Please let me go, O king of beasts," begged the little mouse. "If you will only spare my life, I will never forget you. Some time I will do a favor for you."

"What can you do for me?" asked the lion.

"I will help you when you are in trouble," answered the mouse.

"You may go," said the lion, "but you are too little to do anything for me."

One day, not long after, the mouse heard the lion roar. He ran as fast as he could to see what was the matter.

There lay the king of beasts in a hunter's net, held fast by strong cords.

“I have come to help you,” said the mouse.  
 “You were kind to me, and now I will help you  
 in your trouble.”

Then he cut the cords of the net with his sharp  
 teeth and set the lion free.

“You once thought that I was too small to help  
 you,” the mouse said. “But you have found that  
 it is well to have friends even among the little  
 people.”

—Æsop.

## THE DONKEY AND THE SALT.

### I.

heavy	dissolved	clover	splash
narrow	returned	soaked	stream

Once upon a time a donkey was called from the  
 clover field. His master put two bags upon his  
 back, and together they started for the town.

The path was narrow and rocky, and there were  
 many hills and streams to pass on the way.

When the donkey and his master started to  
 return home the bags were full of salt. It was

a warm day, and the donkey did not like his heavy load. He hung down his head and walked very slowly along the road.

After a time they came to a stream which had no bridge. As the donkey walked through the water he stepped upon a stone and fell. Splash, splash, went the water over the bags of salt.

When he went on his way he found his load much lighter. The water had soaked into the bags, and had dissolved some of the salt.

Soon they came to another stream. The donkey thought that he would like his load to be still lighter. So he lay down in the water.



## II.

trick	spoiled	trotted	deepest
filled	sponges	gayly	hardly

This time the salt was spoiled, and the donkey was taken back for another load.

As they were walking along, the man said to himself, "I must cure the donkey of this trick. I think I'll play a trick myself." So this time he filled the bags with sponges.

The donkey trotted gayly along the road. "My load is light, but I'll make it lighter," thought he.

They soon came to the same stream, and he splashed down into the deepest place. When he rose up, the sponges were so heavy with water that he could hardly walk.

The next time he was taken to bring a load of salt, he did not lie down in the water.

— ADAPTED.



a warm day, and the donkey did not like his heavy load. He hung down his head and walked very slowly along the road.

After a time they came to a stream which had no bridge. As the donkey walked through the water he stepped upon a stone and fell. Splash, splash, went the water over the bags of salt.

When he went on his way he found his load much lighter. The water had soaked into the bags, and had dissolved some of the salt.

Soon they came to another stream. The donkey thought that he would like his load to be still lighter. So he lay down in the water.



## II.

trick	spoiled	trotted	deepest
filled	sponges	gayly	hardly

This time the salt was spoiled, and the donkey was taken back for another load.

As they were walking along, the man said to himself, "I must cure the donkey of this trick. I think I'll play a trick myself." So this time he filled the bags with sponges.

The donkey trotted gayly along the road. "My load is light, but I'll make it lighter," thought he.

They soon came to the same stream, and he splashed down into the deepest place. When he rose up, the sponges were so heavy with water that he could hardly walk.

The next time he was taken to bring a load of salt, he did not lie down in the water. — ADAPTED.



## UNITED WE ARE STRONG.

quarrel	bundle	closely	break
untie	single	worked	share

There was once an old man whose sons were always quarreling. If they played, cross words were heard. If they worked, each boy said that the other boys did not do their share of the work.

One day the old man told his sons to bring him some small sticks. These he tied closely together into a bundle.

“Now, boys,” he said, “who can break these sticks?”

“Let me try, let me try!” said each boy.

One after another they all tried, but not one of them could break a single stick in the bundle.

“Untie the bundle and then see if you can break the sticks,” said the father. They did so, and every stick was easily broken.

“My sons,” said the old man, “if you will stand together, you will be strong like the bundle of sticks. But if you quarrel, each one of you will be weak like a single stick.”

—Æsop.

## THE BOY WASHINGTON.

## I.

wildest	nearly	spent	swimming
swiftly	parents	active	Virginia

Here is a picture you  
have often seen before.

Nearly every boy and  
girl knows that it is  
the picture of George  
Washington.

Most boys and girls  
know, too, that George  
Washington was the  
first president of our  
country.



But before Washington  
was president he was a brave soldier. And  
before he was a soldier he was a little boy,  
and lived in a Virginia home.

Like other boys, Washington spent much of his  
time in play, but he also studied lessons, and  
did the work which his parents gave him to do.



Near his home there was a wide, beautiful river. There he fished, sailed boats, and went swimming. He was a strong, bright, active boy. Not one of his playmates could run so fast, or jump so far, or row a boat so swiftly as he.

## II.

kicked	faithful	chasing	hated
unfair	favorite	cheated	bridle

Washington was very fond of horses. He was a fine rider, and was not afraid to mount the wildest horse.

His mother had a beautiful young horse, so wild that no one had ever been able to tame it. One day when Washington was in the field with some of his young friends, he said, "Boys, I am going to ride that colt."

After much running and chasing over the field, the boys caught the colt and put a bridle on it. Washington then jumped on its bare back. The colt ran and kicked, and tried to throw its rider. But the boy kept his seat.

At last the colt gave a great leap, and fell down upon the ground, dead. Now Washington knew that his mother liked this fine young horse the best of all, and it was very hard for him to tell her what he had done.

The other boys said they would not let her know. But Washington went to her at once, and said, "Mother, I have killed your fine young horse, the one you liked the best."

His mother was very sorry to lose the horse. But she was much pleased to know that her son was brave enough to tell her the truth.

George Washington, even when a boy, hated a lie, and he always kept his word. He was faithful in all his work, and never left anything half done. In play time he played hard, and in study time he studied hard.

Washington was liked by all his playmates. He was never unfair, and he never cheated in a game. When the boys played soldier, they always chose him for their captain. If they quarreled, they called upon Washington to settle the trouble.

## III.

polite	captain	quarreled	control
obey	conduct	arithmetic	promise

When George Washington went to school, he studied reading, writing, and arithmetic. His written work was very neat and well done, and his copy books can still be seen in his old home at Mount Vernon.

One of the first lessons Washington learned was to obey his father and mother. He also learned to control his temper, to think before speaking, and to be true to every promise he made.

His father and mother taught him to be kind and polite to everybody. In one of his copy books he wrote fifty rules for good conduct. Here are some of these rules : —

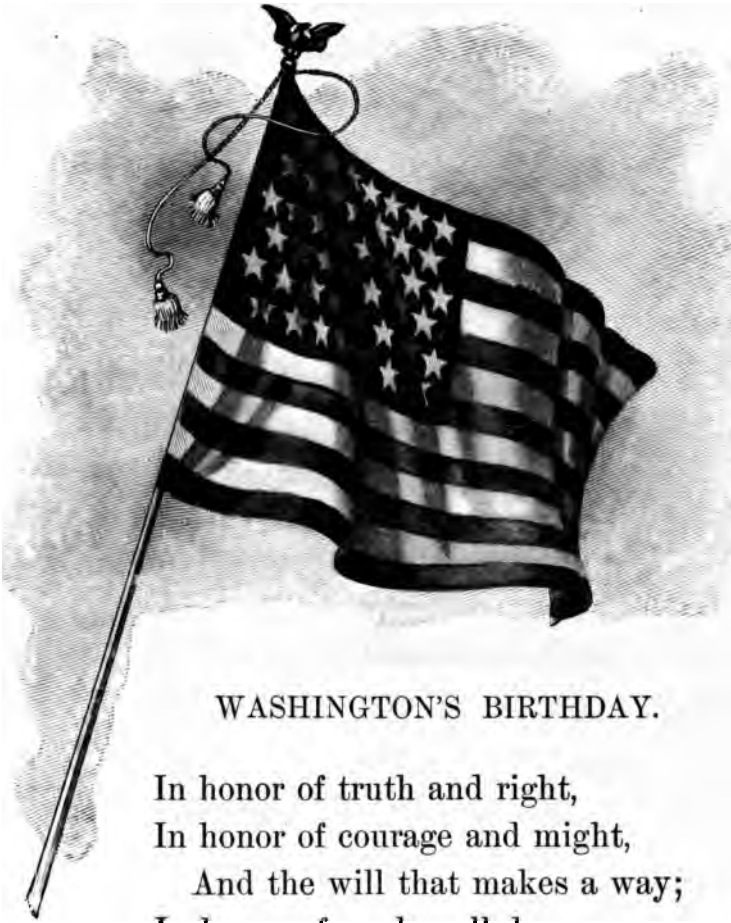
Always speak the truth.

Obey your father and mother.

Think before you speak.

Always keep your promises.

Always do your best.



### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

In honor of truth and right,  
In honor of courage and might,  
And the will that makes a way;  
In honor of work well done,  
In honor of fame well won,  
In honor of Washington,  
Our flag is floating to-day.



### THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

When I was sick and lay abed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant, great and still,  
 That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
 And sees before him, dale and plain,  
 The pleasant land of counterpane.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

### MY SHIP AND I.



Oh, it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,  
 Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond ;  
 And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all  
     about,  
 But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret  
     out  
 How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the  
helm,

And the dolly I intend to come alive,  
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I  
shall go,

It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes  
blow,

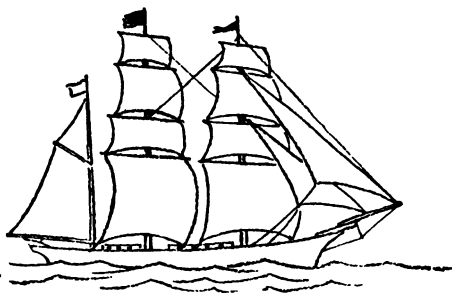
And the vessel goes a-divie-divie-dive.

Oh, it's then you'll see me sailing through the  
rushes and the reeds,

And you'll hear the water singing at the prow ;  
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and  
explore,

To land upon the island where no dolly was before,  
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





### THE WIND AND THE SUN.

gale	rushing	traveler	glory
tore	succeeds	wrapped	prove

The north wind was rushing along and blowing the clouds as he passed.

"Who is so strong as I?" he cried. "I am even stronger than the sun."

"Can you show that you are stronger?" asked the sun.

"A traveler is coming over the hill," said the wind. "Let us see which of us can first make him take off his long cloak. The one who succeeds will prove himself the stronger."



The north wind began first. He blew a gale,  
tore up trees, and raised clouds of dust.

But the traveler only wrapped his cloak more  
closely about him, and kept on his way.

Then the sun began to shine. He drove away  
the clouds and warmed the air.

Higher and higher he climbed in the blue sky,  
shining in all his glory.

“What a fine day we are having after the blow!”  
said the traveler as he threw off his cloak.

—ÆSOP.

### THE WIND.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you ;  
But when the leaves hang trembling,  
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I ;  
But when the trees bow down their heads,  
The wind is passing by.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



## THE BOY AND THE WIND.

A boy one day  
Went out to play ;  
'Twas in the bright spring weather.  
The wind and he,  
Right merrily,  
Did often play together.

He made a kite  
Both strong and light,  
By long and patient trying.  
“ The wind,” thought he,  
“ Will playful be,  
And help me in its flying.”

The wind came past;  
The boy ran fast;  
The kite rose high and higher.  
Hard pulled the kite,  
O splendid sight!  
It was a noble flyer.

He made a boat  
To set afloat  
Upon a brooklet flowing;  
The March winds blew  
The meadow through  
And kept the sail-boat going.

So day by day  
In merry play  
The boy and wind together,  
Did send afloat  
The kite and boat  
Out in the wild March weather.

—MARIE ZETTERBERG.

## THE RAIN CLOUD.

floods	thirsty	drooping	plenty
showers	famine	generous	poured

A great rain cloud floated over the dry land.

The streams were dry. The grass was brown, and the little plants were drooping and dying.

Birds were flying about with their bills open, but they could find no water.

The people stood watching the clouds, hoping for rain. But the great cloud passed over without giving one drop to the thirsty land.

It floated on until it came to the ocean. Then it poured down floods of water.

"How generous I am," said the cloud. "I have given away almost all my rain."

"What good have you done?" said a mountain which stood near. "If you had poured your showers over the land, you might have saved a whole country from famine."

"Why did you give your rain to the sea? Is it generous to help only those who have plenty?"

— KRILOF.



## WHO ARE THE FAIRIES?

## I.

quiet	except	fireflies	deeds
broken	beings	crickets	whose



When Marian was reading in her new book, she found a picture of a fairy standing in a flower.

“Oh, Mamma,” she said, “will you please tell me about the fairies?”

“Long ago,” said her mother, “a great many people believed in fairies.

They thought that fairies were beautiful little people with wings of rainbow colors who flew about, or rode through the air on butterflies and bees.

It was said that no one except very young children and animals could see these little fairy beings.

Their home was in Fairyland, but every morning they left that beautiful place, and flew away to spend the day in doing kind deeds for all who were in trouble.

They took care of the young birds when the old birds had been killed; they fed the butterflies whose wings were broken, and they fanned the sick children into quiet sleep.

They carried water to the tiny plants, and they planted flower seeds everywhere to make the woods and the roadsides beautiful.

Every night they met their queen and told her all they had done throughout the day.

Then they danced on the green grass. The fireflies gave them light, and the crickets played for the dancing."

## II.

closed	circles	petals	washed
wheat	ripened	wiped	women

"In the early morning green circles are sometimes seen on the grass. People used to think that these circles were fairy rings.

‘See where the fairies danced last night,’ they would say.

When the children saw the butterflies or bees flitting by, they often said, ‘Perhaps the little fairies are out for a ride.’

At night, when a flower closed its petals, they wondered if a fairy had gone to sleep within the blossom.

If the wheat and corn grew tall and ripened in the fields, the people said that the fairies had watched over the growing crops.”

“Do people believe in fairies now?” asked Marian.

“No one believes that there are little men and women flying about. But a child who helps others is often called a fairy. I know a fairy who washed and wiped the dishes this morning.”

“Then I was a fairy,” said Marian; “I will be a fairy every day.”

“And at night, when our work is done,” said her mother, “we will read some of the beautiful stories and poems which have been written about the fairies.”



## A DAFFODIL STORY.

## I.

China	digging	charm	bulbs
carry	daffodil	rocky	feasts

Here is a daffodil story which is often told in the far-off land of China :—

A rich man had two sons. Just before he died he gave his house and lands to his elder son. To his younger son he gave only one small rocky field.

The elder brother made great feasts, and soon spent all his money.

The younger brother went into a far country. Poor and sad, he wandered about without a home.

One day he lay down to rest near a singing brook. All around him the hillside was yellow with the bloom of daffodils.

In his dreams a water fairy stood before him. "Take up the plants that bloom around you," she said. "Carry them to your own country and plant them in your rocky field."

"A fairy charm shall be upon the plants, and he who works and waits shall reap a golden harvest."

The young man awoke. No fairy was in sight. But the yellow flowers nodded to him as if to say, "Take us; we will help you."

All day long he worked, digging up the bulbs of the daffodils. Then he walked the long way that led back to his home.

## II.

blades	bought	growing	gave
cared	sprang	money	bore

He planted the daffodil bulbs in his own rocky field. Soon little green blades sprang up between the rocks. Week after week he cared for the growing plants until he came to love them.

At last buds grew and bloomed. The people came from near and far to see the wonderful golden flowers. To every one he gave a blossom.

Soon the people came to buy his flowers. In this way the words of the fairy came to be true, for the rocky field bore a golden harvest.

In a few years the younger brother had saved enough money to buy his old home.

And now, when the daffodil story is told in that far-off land, the people say : —

“ Work is the fairy charm that brings the golden harvest.”

### DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

Daffy-down-dilly

Came up in the cold,

Through the brown mold.

Although the March breezes

Blew keen on her face,

Although the white snow

Lay on many a place,

Little by little

She brought her leaves out,

All clustered about ;

And then her bright flowers

Began to unfold,

Till Daffy stood robed

In her spring green and gold.



### HANGING MAY BASKETS.

Violet and Maiden Hair,  
 Once in sunny weather,  
 Went to hang a May basket,  
 Straying off together.  
  
 Up the street and down the lane  
 They wandered, east and west,  
 But brought it back to mother's door,  
 Because they loved her best.

— HELEN GRAY CONE.

By permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

scamper

fold

shivering

redden

lane

peaches

## THE WINDS

Which is the wind that brings the cold?

The north wind, Robert; and all the snow;  
And the sheep will scamper into the fold  
When the north wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?

The south wind, Mary. The corn will grow  
And peaches redden for you to eat  
When the south wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?

The east wind, Henry. The farmers know  
That cows come shivering up the lane  
When the east wind begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?

The west wind, children. Then soft and low  
The birdies sing in the summer hours  
When the west wind begins to blow.

— Adapted from E. C. STEDMAN.

## SUSIE'S DREAM.

## I.

manger	treasure	bony	worth
curling	softly	twice	lamb

One bright spring day Susie carried her baby brother out to the great farm yard.

She walked about until the child fell asleep. Then she went to a long shed. There she found some hay in a manger.

She laid the baby on the hay. Then she sat down by his side, singing softly:—

What will you give, what will you give,  
 For my little baby fair?  
 Nothing so bright as his bonny blue eyes,  
 Or soft as his curling hair.

What will you bring, what will you bring,  
 To trade for my treasure here?  
 No one can show a baby so sweet  
 Anywhere, far or near.

## II.

quack	darlings	breast	course
chicks	clucking	aloud	twelve

“Moo, moo-oo,” said the Jersey cow as she came and looked at the baby. “Can he kick up his heels and run all over the yard?”

“Why, no,” said Susie, “he can’t walk yet.”

“Ah! how old is he?”

“Nearly a year old,” said Susie.

“Nearly a year! My little one walked before she was two days old. I will not trade for your baby.” And the cow went off to her calf, without another look at the baby.

“Baa! baa!” said an old sheep, walking up with a white lamb. “Let me see. He is a nice little thing. Has he only two legs?”

“That’s all,” said Susie.

“Then my lamb is worth twice as much, of course. And I see he has no wool. All my children have beautiful wool. I do not wish to trade with you. Good-by;” and she trotted away with her lamb.

"Quack! quack! quack! Let me take a look," said the duck.

"His feet do not look as if he could swim," she said, looking at baby's pink toes.

"Oh, he can't swim at all," said Susie, "I wouldn't let him go near the water."

"All my darlings can swim," said Mrs. Duck.

### III.

mice	beside	rather	teach
else	kittens	months	purred

"Cheer up, cheer up! let me see," said a robin as she flew down from her nest. "Can he sing?"

"Oh, he can't sing yet," said Susie. "He isn't old enough to sing."

"All my children sang well when only four months old. Has he any little red feathers on his breast?"

"I hope not," said Susie.

"I would not trade my babies for yours," said Mrs. Robin as she flew away.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck! Peep, peep!" Mrs. White Hen came along with her twelve chicks.



"I haven't much time to look," said the hen.  
"Can your baby peep when he is hungry?"

"When he's hungry, he cries," said Susie.

"I see his legs are not yellow. All my babies have yellow legs. I wouldn't trade one of my chicks for your baby." And off she went, clucking to her chickens, until Susie laughed aloud.

"No wonder you laugh," purred a cat. Susie turned around. There, at the other end of the manger, was her old gray cat with three kittens.

"I think I'll take your baby, and let you have one of my kittens, as I have three. Perhaps I can teach him to purr and to catch mice."

"Oh, no," cried Susie. "I'd rather have my little brother than anything else in the world."

Then Mrs. Puss started to carry off the baby, and Susie awoke. She had been sleeping on the hay beside her dear baby brother.



## WHAT IS MY NAME?

## I.



combs    spinners    ceiling  
easily    brushing    famous

**I** BELONG to the famous old family of silk spinners. We all know how to spin the most beautiful silk cord that can be found in the world.

I can tell you many wonderful things about myself and my family.

I have four times as many eyes as a girl, and four times as many legs as a boy. And I can walk where no boy or girl can go.

Did you ever see a boy run up the side of a wall or walk with his feet on the ceiling and his head down? I can easily do that.

You would like to see my combs, I know. I wear a comb and brushes on each foot, and I use them to keep my black coat clean. You have never seen me in a coat that needs brushing.



## II.

broom	bubbles	member	diver
sweep	velvet	breathe	clean

All of my family have very fine homes. Some of us live in silk houses, and some line their houses with silk. Some of our homes are round like a ball, and others are shaped like a basket.

We are all very neat house-keepers. If a bit of dust falls on our houses we try to shake it off. But if we cannot do this we cut out the dirty piece and mend the house with new silk.



One of my cousins has a beautiful house underground. It is silk lined, too, and has a door that opens and shuts.

Another cousin makes a tent of leaves and silk. In this she lives with her little children.

I have a sailor cousin who builds a raft of sticks and grass. On this he sails about to catch food for his dinner.

I can tell you stories about a wonderful diver who belongs to my family. She wears a velvet coat which keeps her dry, and she lives in a house that shines like silver.



In this house which looks like a silver ball in the water, her little ones live, safe and warm.

But how can they breathe in the water? Look at this picture and you will see their mother bringing bubbles of air to fill her house.

One member of my family has a very queer way of taking care of her babies. She carries them around with her in a silk bag.

My babies ride around on my back and head. I have so many that they nearly cover me.

Once upon a time one of my grandfathers helped a king to win a battle. I will tell you all about it when you have time to listen.

Now that you know so many wonderful things about my family and myself, I am sure you will never again sweep down any of our beautiful silk houses with a broom.



A SUMMER DAY.

## A SUMMER DAY

This is the way the morning dawns :

Rosy tints on flowers and trees,

Winds that wake the birds and bees,

Dewdrops on the flowers and lawns —

This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up :

Gold on brooks and grass and leaves,

Mist that melts above the sheaves,

Vine and rose and buttercup —

This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the river flows :

Here a whirl and there a dance,

Slowly now, then like a lance ;

Swiftly to the sea it goes —

This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the birdie sings :

Little birdies in the nest,

You I surely love the best ;

Over you I fold my wings —

This is the way the birdie sings.



## A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

**I**T was morning.

The sun rose out of the golden clouds.

He touched the world with rosy light.

He sent his warm sunbeams down through the air to shine on the earth below.

They painted a rainbow in every tiny drop of dew that sparkled on the grass.

They danced in the little brook that chattered over its bed of pebbles.

They capped the waves with light, and spread the seashore with golden sand.

Wherever the sun shone the glad earth awoke.

Flowers lifted their heads, and buds opened into flowers.

Little birds flew about among the trees, and sang their morning songs.

Babies awoke in their cradles, and little children came back from dreamland for another glad day.

The great sun brought the morning light, and a day of sunshine filled the world with gladness.



## THE KING AND THE SPIDER.

war	failed	scattered	piece
army	fasten	battles	fought

Long years ago there lived a king by the name of Robert Bruce.

Another king was at war with him, and an army of soldiers had come into his country to drive him out of the land.

Six battles, one after another, he had lost. His brave little band of men were scattered in the woods, and he was ready to give up the fight. It was no use to try any longer.

Afraid for his life, he went into a cave in the mountains to hide. As he lay there resting, he saw a spider making ready to spin a web.

The spider tried to fasten her line to a piece of rock, but she could not reach it.

Once, twice, three times, she tried and failed, while the king lay watching. Four times, five times, six times, and still she could not reach the edge of the rock.

"Six times has the spider lost," said Robert Bruce. "I have lost six battles. Let me see what the spider will do now."



Once more the brave little spinner tried, and this time she caught the sharp edge of the rock. Then she ran over the bridge she had made, and began to spin. After a time a beautiful web covered the opening of the cave.

"I will learn a lesson from the spider," said King Robert. He left the cave at once, and called his soldiers together. Then they fought a great battle, won the day, and saved their country.



Guido Reno.

AURORA.

## THE STORY OF THE SUN CAR.

## I.

palace	splendid	beauty	straight
gallop	prancing	artist	olden

Strange stories were told and believed in the days of long ago.

Here is one of the stories which the mothers of olden time told to their little children.

The sun is a car of fire drawn by four splendid horses. Every day these horses come out of the east drawing the great car with its golden wheels.

The driver of the car is Apollo, the Sun god. Apollo is tall and fair. His eyes are blue, and his long bright hair is like the sunshine.

He holds his swift horses with a strong hand, and he never fails to drive them in a straight path across the blue heavens.

Away go the horses, prancing, jumping, and running. They are all going with a rush and a gallop through the clouds. The light shines down on the sea and the land and the homes of men.

## II.

Graces	dipped	order	pure
Aurora	painting	shining	hours

On goes Apollo, never stopping until he reaches the golden boat in the western sea. Then he sails away to his palace in the east while the moon and the stars rule the sky.

Aurora, the beautiful morning, flies before him, dropping flowers upon the earth. It is she who brings the swallows, the roses, the green wheat fields, and the running, singing brooks.

Hand in hand, by the side of the sun car, dance the happy Hours. They keep the world in order, and bring summer and winter in their time.

With the Hours are the three Graces. They tell all who will listen how to be kind and pure and good.

Above the horses flies the beautiful child called Love. He comes with the shining sun to make glad the children of earth.


And so the great sun car rides across the sky, bringing order, beauty, and love to the world.

Once a great artist who knew this story told it with his paints and brushes.

On the ceiling of a beautiful palace in Rome he painted the story of the great sun car.

This was years and years ago. But the people who visit Rome still go to see this wonderful picture. They tell us that the colors are as bright and beautiful as if the artist had dipped his brush in the red and yellow and purple of the sunset.

### A SKY VOYAGE.

 WOULD you go a-sailing  
 Upon the light, light breeze?  
 Above the town and country,  
 Above the tallest trees?

I'd like to go a-sailing  
 Upon the light, light breeze,  
 But we've no ship nor pilot  
 To take us on the seas.

The new moon's boat we'll borrow,  
 Made all of mother-o'-pearl,  
 A rosy cloud from sunset  
 For canvas we'll unfurl.

Then all the lovely flower folk,  
 Whose race is done below,  
 Will join us in our voyage,  
 As on and on we go.

No trouble shall o'ertake us,  
 No dreary sight nor sound ;  
 The bobolink may greet us,  
 Singing a morning round.

A star shall be our pilot  
 Across the sea of light,  
 And some enchanted island  
 Shall be our port at night.

— EDITH M. THOMAS.



## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND HIS STORIES.

## I.

apron	gooseberry	melting	drawn
beetle	grasshopper	whispers	scissors

A little boy was playing alone in a garden. He lay on his back under a gooseberry bush. Close to this bush he had made a tent with his mother's apron and a broomstick.

The boy watched the berries as they grew. He watched the birds and the ants and the grasshoppers. Everything he saw seemed to tell him stories. The sun shone down through the leaves, and made little dancing shadows on the ground. Then the boy played that the sunshine was dancing with the leaves.

He wondered what the grasshoppers were saying to one another as they flew and hopped about. And he wondered where the black beetle lived that crawled in the grass.

He played that the butterflies were flowers that had flown from their stems high into the air.



In the evening his father and mother played with him and read to him. Then he went to bed and wished that the moon would tell him stories of everything it saw on the earth.

The little boy who played under the gooseberry bush lived a long time ago. His home was in a strange old town far across the sea, and his name was Hans Christian Andersen.

We like to know about this boy because he became one of the best story-tellers in the world.

When he grew to be a man, the children used to come to him and beg for stories. Then he would tell them about the tin soldier who went on a journey, and about the pea vine that made a sick girl well.

## II.

Best of all, the boys and girls liked to hear about the little duck that every one hated because he was so ugly. Sometimes they stood around the old story-teller in crowds begging for this story.

They looked very sad when he told them how the poor little duck was pecked in the farmyard,

and how he ran away and was cold and hungry all winter. But they clapped their hands for joy when they heard how the ugly duckling grew, at last, to be a beautiful swan.

In one of his stories Hans Andersen tells how the flax was made into cloth, and the cloth into paper. In another we hear how little Ida's flowers left their stems and danced and flew about until they changed into butterflies.

Hans Andersen could tell the stories that the dream man whispers to sleeping children. And he knew what the moon sees as it looks down on the earth.

He knew what the Christmas tree thinks when it is thrown out into the garden to die. And he could tell how the snow man feels when he is melting in the sun.

Once when he was away from home he wrote a letter to some boys and girls. He made pictures for them of all the funny things he had seen.

These pictures were not drawn with pen and ink, but were cut from paper with the scissors. How the children laughed when they read this letter!

Hans Andersen's stories are read in all the countries of the world. Some of the stories are about the flowers and the animals he used to see in his mother's garden when he was a boy.

Here is a story that Hans Andersen once told about a daisy and a lark.



## THE DAISY AND THE LARK.

### I.

front	farmhouse	heart	proud
kissed	roadside	lovely	sure

A farmhouse stood in the country by the roadside. In front of it was a flower garden with a painted wooden fence.

Outside the fence grew a little daisy. No one saw it in the grass, but it was very happy.

“I can see the sun, and hear the lark sing,” it thought. “How happy I am!”

In the garden grew many tall flowers. They were very proud, and they stood up as if they wished to have every one look at them.

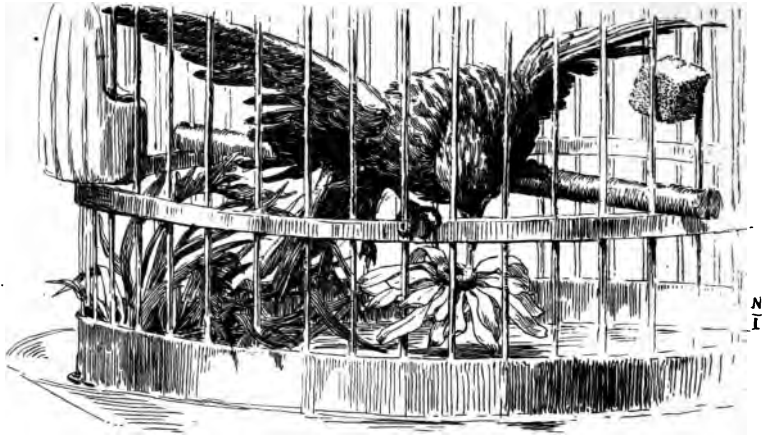
“How beautiful they are!” said the daisy. “I am sure the lark will fly down and call upon them. I am glad that I stand so near that I can see them.”

While the daisy was still thinking, the lark came flying down. But he did not go to the garden flowers. No; he came to the daisy in the grass.

The little flower was filled with joy. It was too happy to speak. The bird hopped around it and sang, “Oh, what a lovely flower, with its golden heart and silver dress, is growing here!”

How happy the daisy was! The bird kissed it with his bill, sang to it, and then rose again to the blue sky.

Soon after, a little girl came into the garden and cut off the tall flowers one after another.



## II.

prison	folded	turf	knife
garden	toward	sunset	off

When sunset came the daisy folded its petals and fell asleep. It dreamed all night of the bright sun and the little bird.

But the next morning the daisy heard the lark singing a sad song. It had been caught and put into a cage by an open window.

The daisy wished very much to help the lark, but what could be done? She forgot the sunshine and thought only of the little bird in prison.

Just then two boys came out of the garden. One of them had a sharp knife in his hand. He came toward the daisy.

"Here is a fine piece of turf for the lark," he said, and he began to cut a square around the daisy so that it was left in the grass.

"Cut the flower off," said the other boy.

### III.

against	wires	drooped	beak
grave	throat	beating	thrown

But the daisy was left in the turf, and it was brought into the lark's cage. The poor bird was beating his wings against the wires of the cage. The daisy felt very sorry for its little friend, but it could not say a word.

"I have no water," said the lark. "They have gone away and left me without a drink. My throat is dry and burning. I must die and leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green meadows, and all the beauty that God has made." Then it put its beak in the grass and saw the daisy.

The lark nodded to the daisy and kissed it with its beak. Then it said, "You will also fade and die in this cage, poor little flower."

Evening came, but no one brought the poor bird a drop of water. It bent its head toward the flower, and its little heart broke.

The flower, too, faded and drooped.

The boys came next morning. When they saw the dead bird, they began to cry. They put the bird's body into a red box, and dug a grave for it.

When the bird was alive, they forgot it. Now they cried over it, and covered its grave with flowers.

The piece of turf with the daisy in it was thrown out into the road. But no one thought of the flower which had loved the bird.

— HANS ANDERSEN.







## THE INDIANS AT HOME.

## I.

necks	visited	wigwam	hiding
beads	presents	colored	behind



Strange people were watching Columbus when he landed in America.

They thought that his ships were great birds with white wings, flying down from heaven.

Never before had they seen a white man. When Columbus came on shore with his flag and sword, they thought he had come from the sky.

They came from their hiding places behind the trees, and brought food, water, and gifts to Columbus and his men.

They wore beads around their necks, and feathers in their hair. How strange and wild they looked with their faces painted red, yellow, and blue!

Columbus called these people Indians, because he thought that he had reached India. He gave them presents, and he visited them in their queer looking homes.

At that time the Indians lived in all parts of our great country. They had no cities, nor churches, nor schools. Many of them made their homes in tents called wigwams.

They lived by hunting and fishing, and they often moved from one place to another.

## II.

smoke	mixed	kettle	poles
smooth	grind	middle	rises

Perhaps you would like to visit an Indian home, and see how it looks.

The tents or wigwams are easily made. First some poles are set in the ground in a circle. These are tied together at the top, and covered with skins, mats, or the bark and leaves of trees.

Inside of the tent the ground is made smooth and hard for the floor. In the middle of this



floor a hole is dug for the fire. The smoke rises and goes out at the top of the wigwam.

How would you like to live on the bare ground, in a tent, with the smoke in your eyes whenever a fire is burning?

### III.

meal	ashes	guess	boil
stove	heated	pounds	soup

Would you like to see how the Indian mother cooks without a stove?

Perhaps she will have hot corn cakes for

dinner. She must first grind the corn by pounding it with stones. The meal is then mixed with water and made into cakes.

But how are these cakes baked? You could never guess. They are wrapped in leaves, and baked in the hot ashes.

Did you ever see any one make soup in a wooden kettle? The Indian mother can show you how to do this.

She puts meat, wild rice, and water into the kettle. Then she takes a heated stone from the fire and drops it in with the food. Another stone is put in, and another, until the water boils and the soup is made.



## IV.

bows	notice	crying	different
trim	dressed	fretting	feathers



The Indian girls help their mothers cook and sew. They make clothes of the skins of animals, and they trim their deerskin shoes with beads of different colors.

When their work is done, they play with dolls which are dressed in skins, and have feathers for hair.

The Indian boys do not work. They play games, fish, and shoot with bows and arrows.

They have lessons, too, but not from books. Their fathers teach them how to follow a man or an animal through the forests and fields.

They are taught to use their eyes, and notice everything they see. They learn to find the way through the woods. They can



tell where the wild animals live, and where the birds build their nests.

## v.

bone	pappoose	villages	scraped
horns	strapped	canoes	painted

On cool nights the Indians sit around the wigwam fire. The father tells his sons about hunting the deer and the great bear. How the little boys wish they were old enough to go hunting!

Sometimes the Indian story-teller visits the wigwam. He tells wonderful stories of the winds,



of the sun, moon, and stars, and of the animals that live in the woods.

The fire burns brightly and lights the wigwam. It shines on the red and white ears of corn which hang in long rows overhead. It shows the deer's horns and the bear's claws taken in the hunt.

On one side of the wigwam is a strange picture of Indians hunting a deer. This is drawn on a bear-skin which has been scraped with a sharp bone.



A queer looking cradle hangs from the pole of the wigwam. Strapped in this cradle is an Indian papoose who watches the fire, with bright black eyes.

When the Pilgrims came over in the Mayflower, they found Indian villages in the forests, and Indian canoes on the rivers.

The little Pilgrim people saw Indians who dressed in skins and lived in wigwams. But most of the children who read this book would need to travel far to see a wigwam village.

To-day cities and farms are found where the Indians hunted and fished in the days of long ago.



### HIAWATHA AND NOKOMIS.

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees.  
Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews.





### THE FIREFLY.

At the door on summer evenings  
 Sat the little Hiawatha,  
 Heard the whispering of the pine trees,  
 Heard the lapping of the water.  
 Saw the firefly Wah-wah-tay-see,  
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
 With the twinkle of its candle  
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes.  
 And he sang the song of children,  
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him :  
 “ Wah-wah-tay-see, little firefly,  
 Little flitting, white-fire insect,

Little dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon the bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids."

---

### THE RAINBOW.

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky the rainbow ;  
Whispered, " What is that, Nokomis ? "  
And the good Nokomis answered,  
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;  
All the wild flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us."

— LONGFELLOW.



## THE WATER LILY.

## I.

tribes	rippled	gloomy	dwelt
peace	lone ly	seemed	chief

Here is a story which the Indians tell about the beautiful water lily.

Once the world was full of happy people. Game was plenty in the forests. All the tribes were at peace with each other.

The trees were full of fruit, and the bushes bent low with berries. And there was no cold, for the summer was everywhere.

All the long year flowers carpeted the earth, and beautiful birds flew from tree to tree. The happy people loved the warm sun, and at night they watched the stars.

One night they saw a bright star fall. Down, down it fell till it came to the foot of a great mountain.

Then the people went to meet the star. And the star said: "I have come to dwell with you.

You are good and happy, and your world is beautiful. Tell me where I may live."

Then one chief said, "Dwell here in this mountain, high up among the rocks. There you can overlook the plain."

"Dwell upon the sunny hillsides," said another. "There the sun shines warm and bright, and the stars are everywhere."

"Dwell in the forests," said another, "for there the cool shadows lie."

But the mountain tops were far away. The star could not see the little children at their play, and it loved the children best of all.

On the hillsides the star was lonely when the sun was gone. And the forest seemed dark and cold and gloomy.

One day the star came and hung above the lake. The soft, warm water rippled and danced and sang.

Upon the banks of the lake the red children played, and the men pushed their canoes across it.

"Here," said the star, "will I dwell. I love the red children, and their canoes are like the stars that shoot across the sky."

When the sun had set, the star came down to the lake and sent its rays far down into the water.



The red children say that the rays took root, for when the morning came there lay a beautiful lily upon the lake.

Its petals were pure and white, and its heart was golden like the star.

The children came in their tiny canoes to visit the flower with a golden heart.

“It is the star,” they said, “and it has come to dwell with us forever.”

—MARA L. PRATT.



### MEMORIAL DAY.

It is little we can do  
 To show our love for you,  
     O warriors blest;  
 But our fairest, choicest flowers  
 Shall fall in fragrant showers  
     Where you rest.

---

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet  
 To brave men lying low;  
 Let little hearts to soldiers dead  
 Their love and honor show.  
 We'll love the flag they loved so well,  
 The dear old banner bright;  
 We'll love the land for which they fell  
 With soul and strength and might.

## PLAY TIME.

Kite time, marble time,  
    Skipping rope and ball;  
Fishing time, cycle time,  
    Swimming time and all.

All that makes the year go round,  
    Full of healthy fun;  
Skating time and coasting time,  
    So the seasons run.



Skipping time and blossom time,  
    Time for spinning tops;  
All the year the fun is here,  
    Pleasure never stops.

Time for fun and study, too,  
Time for work and play ;  
Joys of spring are on the wing,  
Summer's on the way.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful, —  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings, —  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The morning and the sunset  
That lighteth up the sky ;



The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden, —  
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty  
Who hath made all things well.

— JOHN KEBLE.



hood	wore	roll	quite
enough	gentle	straight	lightly

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

### I

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was so gentle and good that everybody loved her. The grandmother of this child gave her a little red cap like the hoods which ladies then wore when they went out riding.

The cap fitted her so well, and was so very pretty, that she would wear nothing else. She was seen with it so often that everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, "Come here, my Red Riding Hood. Here are some cakes and a fine roll of butter for your grandmother. Wouldn't you like to carry them to her?"

"Oh, yes, mother," said the child. "I know the way to grandmother's house quite well, and I think I am big enough to go alone."

"Very well, then," said her mother, and she

put the cakes and the butter in a little basket for the child to carry. "Go straight to the house and do not stop on the way. Knock at your grandmother's door; and when you go in, do not forget to say, 'Good morning.'"

"I will do everything as you wish, mother," said Little Red Riding Hood.

She took the basket on her arm, and kissed her mother good-by. Then she went lightly away, as happy as happy could be.

## II

afraid                      vase                      dead                      bunch

The grandmother's house was more than a mile away, and the road went through a green wood where there were many trees.

As Little Red Riding Hood was walking along and listening to the birds, she met a gray wolf.

"Good morning, pretty child," he said.

And she, who was so kind to every living thing, was not afraid of him, but answered, "Good morning, Mr. Wolf."



RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF.

"Where are you going this fine summer morning?" he asked.

"Oh, I am going to see my grandmother," said Little Red Riding Hood. "I have some cakes and a roll of fresh butter for her."

"Ah, indeed," said the wolf. "Where does your grandmother live?"

"She lives on the other side of the wood," answered the child. "She lives in a little red house close by three big oak trees."

"Oh, I have often seen the house. I know the place well," said the wolf. "How glad your grandmother will be to see your pretty face! But don't you think she would like a bunch of violets to put in the little vase in her window? When I passed that way yesterday I saw that all her flowers were dead."

Little Red Riding Hood looked around her. There were many violets growing by the roadside; and there were other beautiful flowers among the trees.

"I will pick a few of these for grandmother,"

she said. She forgot that her mother had told her not to stop on the way.

## III

latch          covers          answered          spread

While Little Red Riding Hood was picking flowers by the roadside, the wolf turned and ran away. He ran straight to the little red house by the three big oak trees.

He knocked at the door, tock, tock, tock!

No one answered. So he lifted the latch and walked in. The grandmother was not there. She had gone out to get sticks for her fire.

The wolf looked around. There was the bed, all neat and white, with the covers spread smooth upon it. And there was the grandmother's cap hanging on a nail.

"I think I will try that bed," he said. So he put the cap on his head and jumped in. He drew the covers over him, and lay there quite still.

Soon Little Red Riding Hood came tripping along, with her basket on her arm and a bunch

of violets in her hand. She came to the house and knocked at the door, tack, tack, tack!

"Who is there?" asked the wolf, trying to talk like the grandmother.

"It is I," answered the child. "It is Little Red Riding Hood; and I have brought you something good to eat."

"Ah!" said the cunning wolf. "Just lift the latch and come in."

The child opened the door. She saw some one in the bed, and thought it was her grandmother. She saw the white cap on the pillow.

"Good morning, grandmother," she said.

"Put your basket on the table, my dear," said the wolf, "and then bring me the flowers."

#### IV

strange                  growled                  grown                  seize

Little Red Riding Hood put the basket on the table. Then, with the violets in her hand, she went to the bedside. She thought how strange her grandmother looked.

"Do not be afraid; but bring me the flowers," said the wolf.

"Oh, grandmother," said the child, "how bright your eyes are!"

"The better to see you, my dear," answered the wolf.

"And how big your ears are under your cap!"

"The better to hear you, my dear! The better to hear you!"

"And, oh, how long and sharp your teeth have grown!"

"The better to eat you up!" growled the wolf, as he jumped out of the bed.

Little Red Riding Hood screamed.

The wolf with his great mouth open was ready to seize her.

But just at that minute, in came the grandmother and in came two woodcutters with their sharp axes.

"Ah, you wicked wolf, you shall not hurt my child," cried the grandmother.

"Take that, and that, and that!" cried the



woodcutters; and their axes fell quickly upon the wolf's ugly head.

“Oh, my dear little one!” said the grandmother as the child ran to her arms, “how glad I am that we came in time to save you!”

### A GOOD BOY

I woke before the morning,  
I was happy all the day,  
I never said an ugly word,  
But smiled and kept at play.

And now at last the sun  
Is going down behind the wood,  
And I am very happy,  
For I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh,  
With linen smooth and fair,  
And I must off to slumber land,  
And not forget my prayer.

Then sleep will hold me tightly  
Till I waken at the dawn,

And hear the robins singing  
In the lilacs round the lawn.

— R. L. STEVENSON.

### WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN DOING?

What are the bright eyes watching  
Under the Southern sun?  
Oh, the roses fair in the balmy air,  
And the vines that climb and run.

What are the bright eyes watching  
Under the Northern sky?  
Feathery snow, while the chill winds blow,  
And the clouds go drifting by.

What are the children doing  
Alike in the cold and the heat?  
Making life gay on the darkest day  
With the sound of their little feet.

What are the children learning  
Alike in the East and the West?  
That a Father's hand is o'er sea and land —  
That, of all things, Love is best.

## PRONOUNCING KEY AND WORD LIST

The following key to the pronunciation of words is in accordance with Webster's International Dictionary. The modified long vowels in unaccented syllables are indicated by the modified macron, as in *sen'âte*, *ê vent'*, *ô bey'*. The silent letters are printed in italics.

The list includes the more difficult words of the lessons of the Second Reader not listed in the First Reader of the series.

ā māte	ī pīne	ū rŭde	ow cow
ă măt	î pîn	û fûr	c can
ä jār	ĩ sîr	ü full	ç çent
ṁ call		ȳ mȳ	g get
â âir	ō nōte	ÿ citÿ	ġ ġem
å åsk	ö nőt	ōō mōon	s so
	ṛ dṛ	öö fööt	ş aş
ē wē		oi oil	ch chair
ě wět	ū ūse	oy toy	th thin
ẽ hěr	ũ ũs	ou out	th them
ṁ=ö what		ô=ũ sôn	
ā=ē cellār	e=ā theȳ	ō=ē com'fōrt	ṛ=öö wölf
ê=â thêre	ṛ=ōō mṛve	ô=ṁ ôr	n=ng inḱ

ả broad'	ash'eq	bé tween'	cäck'le
ăc'tive	asked	birth'dăy	căi'Y cồ
ả dăpt'ed	Au rồ'ra	blăde	căm'el
Æ'sôp (ê-)	ả wăke'	blëss'ing	cả nă'rỹ
ả flôat'		blew	căn'non
ả frăid'	bă'b'iesq	blĩnk	cả nọc'
ăft'er	băg	blös'som	căp'tain
ả gainst'	băs'kết	bôard	câred
(-gênst)	băth'ing	bôb'ô lĩnk	că'r'ried
ả gồ'	băt'tle	boil	că'r'rôt
ả live'	bēadsq	bōne	că'r'rỹ
ăl mĩght'ỹ	beâr	bôn'nỹ	Că'rỹ
ăl'môst	bēat'ing	bōre	căs'tle
ả lōne'	beaū'ti fũl	brăve	căt'ēr pĩ lăr
ả lōng'	beaū'tỹ	brăyed	căw
ả loud'	bé căme'	brăak	çêil'ing
ăl'sô	bé căuse'	brēast	chānged
ăl'tăr	bēd'clôthesq	brēathe	chāng'ing
ả mông'	Beech'ěr	breeze	chās'ing
Ăn'dēr sen	bee'tle	brĩ'dle	chăt'tēred
ăn'ĩ mal	bé fôre'	brōom	chěr'rỹ
ăn ôth'er	bé găn'	Brũce	chêf
ăn'swēr	bégged	brũsh'ing	Chĩ'nă
an'y bôdỹ	bé hĩnd'	bũb'ble	chĩrp
(-ăn'y)	bē'Yngsq	buĩlt	Chĩris'tian
A pồ'l'ô	bé liēve'	bũlb	Chĩris tĩ'nă
ă'pron	bé lōng'	bũn'dle	çĩr'clesq
ả rĩth'mé tĩc	běr'riesq	bush'esq	clăng
ăr'mỹ	bé sĩde'	bũt'tēr flỹ	clăwsq
ărt'ĩst	bết'tēr	buỹ	clēan

climb	dăf'fô dîl	ēas'î ēr	flăt
clōsed	dăf'fŷ down-	ēas'î lŷ	flīng
clōse'lŷ	dîl'lŷ	ēdge	flit'ting
clō'vēr	dāin'tŷ	E'dîth	flōat'ed
clūck'ing	dărk	ēi'thēr	flōod
clūs'tēred	dăr'līng	el'ē phant	flōwn
cōl'ōr	deed	ēlse	fōld'ed
cōl'ōred	deep'est	êre	fōlks
cōmb	dēs'ērt	Eū'gēne'	fōl'lowed
cōn'dūct	dîf'fēr ent	ē'ven īng	fōot
cōne	dīg'gīng	ēx cēpt'	fōr' eign
cōn trōl'	dīn'nēr	ēx plōre'	fōr'est
cōrd	dipped		fōr gōt'
cōun'trŷ	dîs sōlve'	făiled	fōught
cōūn'trîes	div'ēr	făir'ŷ lănd	fōur'teen'
coun'tēr pāne	dōc'tōr	făith'ful	frā'grant
cōūr'āge	dōl'lăr	făm'īne	Frăn'çîs
cōurse	dōn'keŷ	fă'mōūs	frēt'ting
cōūs'īn	draŷn	fărm'house	frîend
cōv'ēred	drēam	fărm'yărd'	frōnt
craŷl	drēam'lănd	făs'ten	frōst
crēa'tūre	drēssed	fă'vōr	frūit
crīck'ēt	drōōped	fă'vōr īte	fūr
cried	drōōp'ing	fēast	
crōss	drōpped	fēath'ēr	găle
crōw	dūck	fîerçe	găl'lōp
crŷ'ing	dwēll	fight	gămes
crŷs'tal		fīlled	găn'dēr
cūre	ēar'lŷ	fire'flîes	găr'den
cūrl'ing	ēarn	fish'ing	găy'lŷ

gĕn'ēr oūs	hēat'ed	keen	māid'en
gĕn'tle	hēav'ỹ	keep'ēr	mān'āge
Geōrge	Hēl'en	kēpt	māne
gi'ant	Hi'ā wā'thā	kēt'tle	mān'gēr
Gill'man	hīd'ing	kīcked	mārch
ging'ham	hīm sēlf'	kind	mārch'ing
glād'nēss	hōn'ōr	kīng	Mā riē'
glōom'ỹ	hōrnŋ	kissed	mās'tēr
glō'rỹ	hourŋ	kīt'tenŋ	māt'tēr
glōss'ỹ	hūm'ming	knew	Māy'flow ēr
gōld'en	hūn'drēd	knife	mēad'ōw
gōose	hūn'grỹ	knōck	mēal
gōose'bēr rỹ	hūnt'ēr	Krī lōf'	mēat
grāpe'vine	hūsh'ā bỹ		meet
grāss'hōp pēr		lānd'scāpe	mēlt'ing
grāve	Ĭn'dī ā	laughed ( <i>lāft</i> )	mēm'bēr
grēat'lỹ	Ĭn'dī anŋ	Lau'ra	mē mō'rī al
Grimm	in tēnd'	lēad'en	mēr'rī lỹ
grīnd	i'ron	lēs'son	mēr'rỹ
		life	mewed
hâir	jäck'ēt	līn'den	mīce
hāng	jāy	līs'ten	mīd'dle
Hānŋ	Jēr'seỹ	līved	milk'weed
hāp'pen	jew'ēlŋ	lōne'lỹ	mixed
hārd'lỹ	join	loŋe	mōld
hāched	jōl'lỹ	loud'ēr	mōn'eỹ
hāt'ed	jōūr'neỹ	Lou'īs	mōn'keỹ
hēalth'ỹ	jūst	lōve'lỹ	mōnth
hēard		lūck'ỹ	mount
heärt	Kēb'le	Lūl'lā bỹ	mouse

move	pāint'ing	plānt	quār'ral
mūch	pāir	plēase	quār'reled
mū'sic	pāl'āce	plēas'ūre	queer
mŷ sēlf'	pāp pōose'	plēn'tŷ	quī'ēt
	pār'ents	pō'ēm	quīte
nār'rōw	pāss'ing	pō'ēt	
nēar	pāst	pōle	rāin'bōw
nēar'lŷ	pāth	pō lite'	rāin'drōp
nēck	pā'tient (-shent)	pōp'gūn	rāth'ēr
need	pēace	pōp'pŷeŷ	rēach
nee'dles	pēb'bles	Pō'sŷ	rēad'ŷ
nēi'thēr	Pē'drō	pound	reedŷ
news	peek' ā bōō	pōur	reīn'deer
nōd'ding	peep'ing	pōured	rē mēm'bēr
Nō kō'mis	pēnce	prāi'rŷe	rŷce
nōr	pēn'nŷeŷ	prānc'ing	rŷd'dle
nōrth	pēn'nŷ	prēs'ents	ripe
nōth'ing	pēo'ple	priēst	rī'pened
nō'tŷce	pēr hāps'	prŷ'son	rīp'ple
nūrse	pēt'als	prōm'ise	rŷ'eŷ
	pēt'ted	proud	rōad
ō bey'	Phoe'bē	prōve	rōad'side
ō'cean (-shan)	pŷck	prow	rōar'ing
ōff	pŷēce	pulled	rōb'bērŷ
ōld'en	pŷl'grīm	pūre	rōbeŷ
ōn'lŷ	pŷl'lōw	pūr'ple	rōck'-ā-bŷ
ōn'wārd	pŷl'lōt	pūrrēd	rōck'ŷ
ōr'dēr	pŷtch'ēr	pushēd	Rōme
ōth'ēr	pŷt'ŷed		rōost'ēr
ōught	pŷt'ŷ	quāck	rōpe

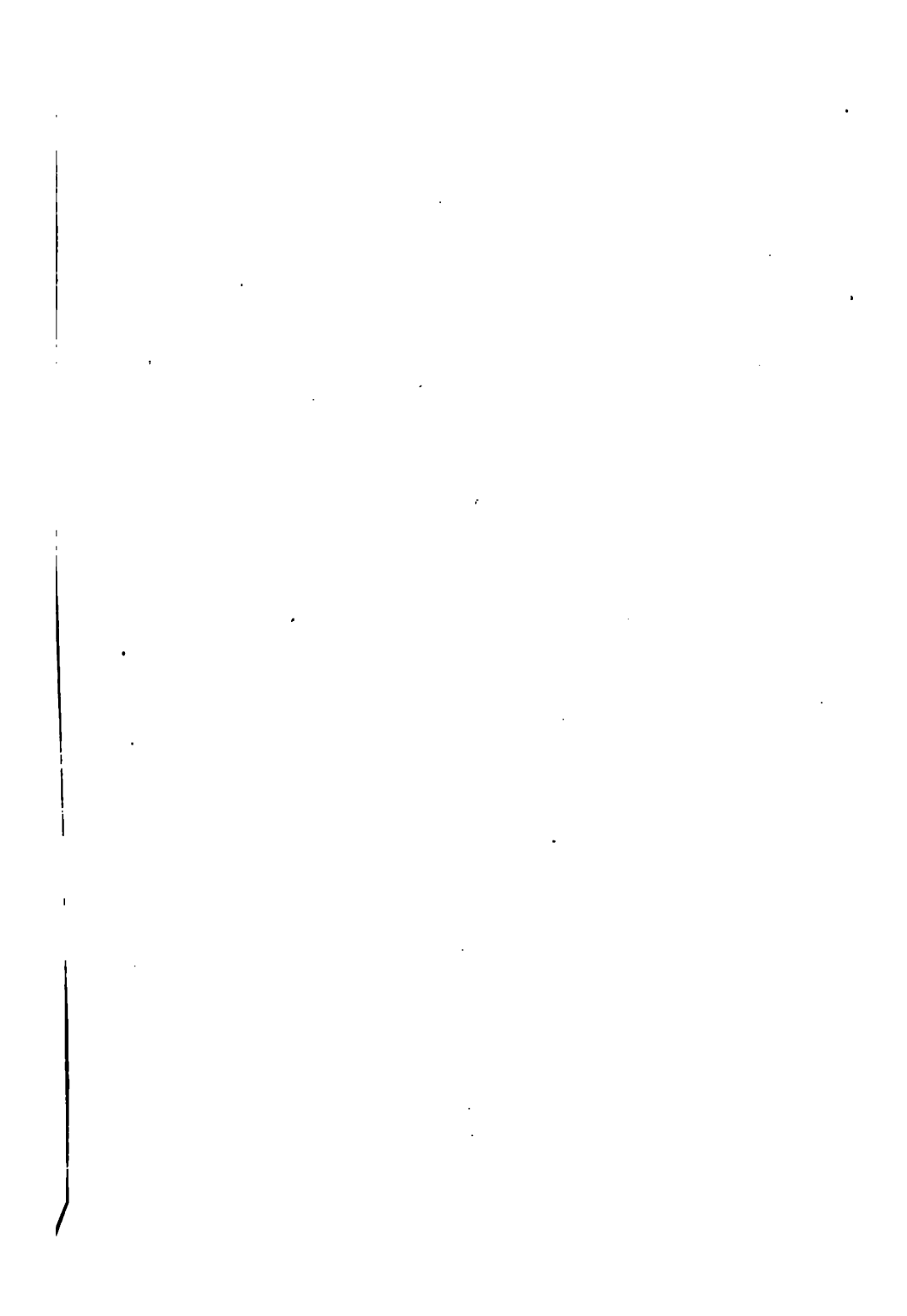
Rös sēt'tī	skīn	stārt'ed	tēach
rūsh'eş	slēpt	stārv'ing	tēach'ēr
sāfe	slōw	stōve	teeth
sāf'est	slōw'lŷ	strāight	thānk
sāved	smile	strānge	Thanks'-
scāt'tēr	smōke	strāp	gīv'ing
scāt'tēred	smōoth	strāpped	thēir
scīş'sōrş	sōak	strāy'ing	thīrst
scrāped	sōft	strēam	thīrst'ŷ
sēa'shōre	sōft'lŷ	strīng	T'hōm'as
sēat	sōl'dier (-jēr)	strip'ed	thrōat
seek	sōr'rōw	strōng	thrōne
seem	sōr'rŷ	stūd'ŷ	thrōw
seemed	sound	sūc'ceed'	thrōwn
sēize	soup	sūn'sēt	tī'dŷ
sēized	Spāin	sūn'shīne	tī'gēr
shād'ōw	spāre	sūre	tīnts
shāk'ing	spār'kle	Su'sŷie	tī'nŷ
shāre	spār'rōw	swal'lōw	tīred
shārp	spēc'kled	sweep	tō gēth'ēr
shīn'ing	spēnt	sweet'est	tōre
shōp	spīn'nēr	sweet'lŷ	toūch
shōuld	splāsh	swēpt	toūched
shout'ed	splēn'dīd	swift	tō'ward
show'ērş	spoil	swift'lŷ	tow'ēr
sīck	spoiled	swīm	toys
sīn'ewş	spōnge	swīm'ming	treas'ure
sīn'gle	spōts	tāil	(trēzh'ūr)
size	sprāng	tāme	tribes
	sprēad		trīck



tröt'ted	vāse	wāsh	wished
troŭ'ble	vēl'vēt	washed	wōm'an
troŭ'bled	Vēr'nōn	Wāsh'ing tōn	wom'en
tūrf	vērse	wāste	(wīm'en)
tūr'keŷ	vērs'es	wāteh	wōn'dēr
twēlve	vīl'lāge	wātehed	wōn'dēr fūl
twiçe	vī'ō lēt	wēak	wōōd'pēek ēr
	Vīr gīn'īā	wēath'ēr	wōre
ŭg'ly	vis'it ed	whēat	wōrld
ŭn fāir'	voiče	whīsk'ērŝ	wōrth
ŭn fōld'	voy'āge	whīs'pēr	wound
ŭn hāp'pŷ		whōse	wrāp
ū'nī fōrm	Wāh'wāh-	wīg'wām	wrāpped
ū nīt'ed	tāy'see	wild	writ'ten
ŭn seen'	wāit'ing	wild'est	wrōte
ŭn tīl'	wānt'ed	wīped	
ūse	wār	wīre	yoŭng
ūŝe	Wārd	wīŝe	
ūŝed	wār'rīōr	wīsh	Zēt'ter būrg







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